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DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR
AND THE

GLASS OF POISON

BY FRED GUARDINEER



IT IS WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT
BUT SPEED IS STILL ENGROSSED
IN HIS STORY WHEN —



HIS DOOR SLOWLY OPENS —



WELL, YOUNG
LADY — GOOD
EVENING !



PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR BREAK-
ING IN ON YOU LIKE THIS, BUT
I'M IN DEADLY DANGER — I'M
AFRAID FOR MY LIFE !



SUPPOSE YOU
TELL ME ALL
ABOUT IT.

PHILLIPPA ROWEN IS
DEAD YOU KNOW HER -
SHE WRITES BOOKS SHE
WAS ON THE TRAIL OF
SOME GANGSTERS. BIG
SHOT BETTINI AMONG
THEM - AND SHE
DISCOVERED ENOUGH
TO SEND HIM TO
THE CHAIR !



SHE LIVES BELOW ME YOU ARE
BETTY PALMER, HER SECRETARY.
LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE
THE BODY !



IN THE LIVING
ROOM BELOW
LIES - DEATH !



POISON - SYMPTOMS
OF ASPHYXIA AND
ASTHMA. THAT
MEANS SHE WAS
EITHER STIFLED
TO DEATH OR HER
HEART COLLAPSED.
OR PERHAPS BOTH
TOGETHER !



WHAT COULD
HAVE CAUSED
THAT ?

SEVERAL POISONS -
DIGITALIS, PRUSSIC ACID
VERATRUM VIRIDE, AND ANY
NUMBER OF OTHER POISONS.
I'LL HAVE TO CALL
THE POLICE !

A-HA ! HERE'S THE LITTLE
CULPRIT - PERHAPS !



POLICE HEADQUARTERS ?
HOMICIDE DIVISION ? HELLO,
CLYDE. SEND OVER A
COUPLE OF THE BOYS -
AND A MAN TO TAKE
A CHEMICAL
REPORT !



THE POLICE WILL ONLY
THINK IT'S SUICIDE -
A GLASS OF POISON -
AND A DEAD BODY !



THERE IS PRUSSIC ACID IN THE GLASS I THINK AND THERE IS THE ODOR OF BITTER ALMONDS ON HER BREATH, WHICH ACCOMPANIES A DOSE OF THAT POISON —

I'M GOING TO REPORT IT AS SUICIDE !

REPORT IT "SUICIDE" IF YOU WANT, CLYDE, BUT DON'T LET THEM POUR THE LIQUOR FROM THE GLASS— SIPHON IT OUT ! AND WE'RE GOING AFTER THE MURDERER !

BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING ?

I'M GOING TO PROVE TO YOU THAT IT WAS MURDER—if you are not afraid of Bettini — we'll go to see him !

THIS IS BETTINI'S PLACE. IT MAKES YOU FEEL THAT CRIME PAYS, EH ? BUT NOT FOR LONG !

BETTINI THREATENED PHILLIPPA. I SAW HIM GETTING OUT OF AN ELEVATOR AS I WAS COMING INTO THE APARTMENT TO-NIGHT—

SPEED SAUNDERS, TO WHAT AM I IN-DEBTED FOR THIS VISIT ?

JUST CAME TO TELL YOU PHILLIPPA ROWEN IS DEAD !

SO ? AM I SUSPECTED ? YOU MAKE AN ERROR, MY FRIEND !

I'M ON MY OWN, BETTINI—if you make a move, you're a dead man ! BETTY, TAKE THIS GUN AND COVER THE BIG 'SHOT' !

WHILE BETTY HOLDS BETTINI HELPLESS, SPEED SEARCHES THROUGH THE GANGSTER'S PRIVATE DEN —

NO POISON - BUT
HERE'S A BOOK ON
POISONS / AND WITH
THE CHAPTER ON
PRUSSIC ACID
UNDERLINED!

COME ON BETTY. LET'S GO
HOME, I GUESS BETTINI
IS INNOCENT

THANK YOU
SPEED SAUNDERS !

SO YOU THINK
BETTINI IS
INNOCENT - HE
ISN'T - I
TELL YOU !

I KNOW IT. I MADE THE
FIRST MOVE - THE NEXT
IS UP TO HIM. I STOLE A
BOOK OF POISONS HE HAD
HIDDEN IN HIS DESK.

YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE IN
MY APARTMENT TO-NIGHT - IT
WILL BE SAFER. I'LL SLEEP
OUT HERE !

SPEED READS THE
MORNING PAPER ON
THE WAY TO HIS
OFFICE, AND ONE
ITEM -

...ATTRACTS HIS EYE !!

MISS ROWEN, WHO COLLECTED GANGSTER DATA FOR A NOVEL, HAD DISCOVERED THINGS ABOUT BETTINI, ONLY SHE AND HER SECRETARY, BETTY PALMER, KNEW THEIR HIDING PLACE

WHAT A THING TO PRINT
IN THE PAPER! THIS
SIGN'S BETTY'S DEATH
WARRANT -

HEY, TAXI !



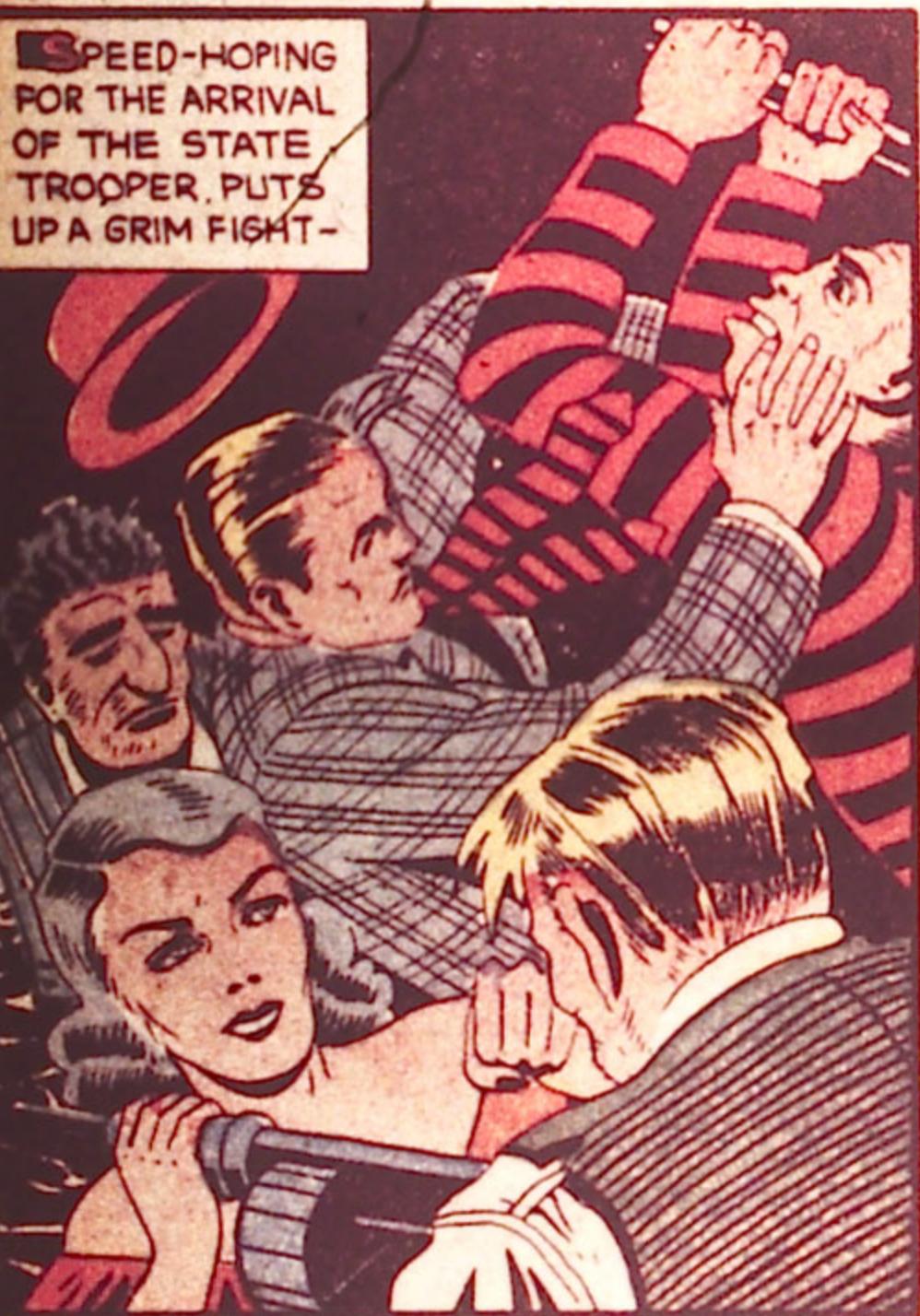
CARE
FOR A
SMOKE ?

SPEED SNIFFS THE CIGAR-
ETTE AND DETECTS THE ODOR
OF PRUSSIC ACID-BITTER ALMONDS !

POCKETING THE CIGARETTE,
SPEED SUDDENLY CLIPS BETTINI
A HARD BLOW ON THE JAW -



SPEED-HOPING
FOR THE ARRIVAL
OF THE STATE
TROOPER, PLITS
UP A GRIM FIGHT -



TAKE THEM TO THE COUNTY
JAIL. BETTINI IS WANTED FOR
THE MURDER OF PHILLIPPA
ROWEN. I'VE GOT THE
EVIDENCE WITH
ME !

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN - THE
EVIDENCE ?



PHILLIPPA ROWEN DIDN'T DRINK
FROM THAT GLASS OF POISON, FOR
THERE WERE NO LIP MARKS ON
IT, AND BETTINI HAD UNDER-
LINED THE FACT THAT PRUSSIC
ACID WILL KILL WHEN INHALED.
THIS CIGARETTE HE OFFERED ME
WAS POISONED ! THAT'S HOW
PHILLIPPA WAS KILLED !



CRIME NEVER PAYS.



A COMPARISON MICROSCOPE

IS AN INSTRUMENT USED BY BALLISTICS EXPERTS TO DETERMINE THE GUN FROM WHICH THE BULLET WAS FIRED.

THIS MICROSCOPE IS A DOUBLE BARRELED DEVICE THROUGH WHICH ONE MAY SEE TWO OBJECTS AT ONCE AND COMPARE THEM. NO TWO BULLETS ARE MARKED THE SAME.

A MICROSCOPIC STUDY OF THE FINE MARKINGS ON THE SIDES OF A SLUG "FINGERPRINTS" THE PARTICULAR WEAPON FROM WHICH IT HAS BEEN FIRED. IDENTIFYING THE GUN, IN MANY CASES, IS A MEANS OF IDENTIFYING THE OWNER.



THE FAMOUS ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE FORCE CONTINUE TO "GET THEIR MAN" ON LAND, IN THE AIR, AND SEA.

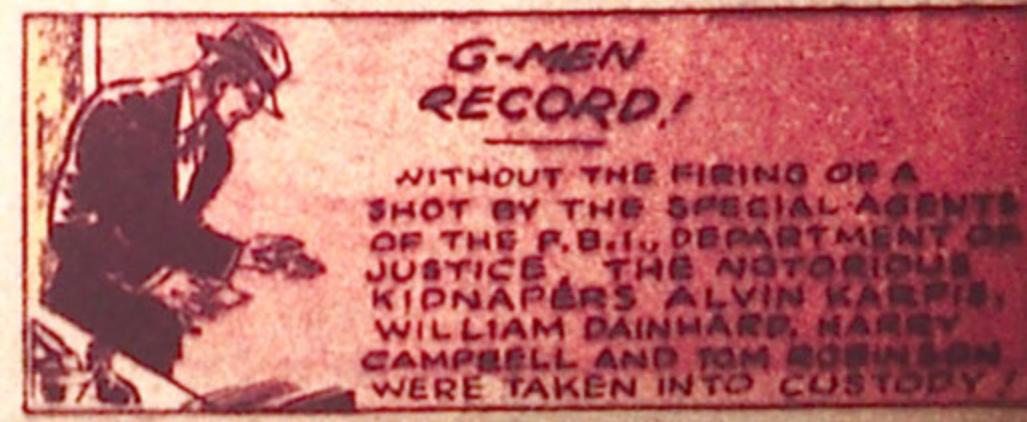
TODAY, MOTOR CARS, FAST PATROL BOATS, AIRPLANES AND MOTORCYCLES ARE USED BY THE MOUNTIES TO AID THE APPREHENDING OF CRIMINALS.

THERE ARE MORE MOUNTED POLICE IN AUTOMOBILES THAN ON HORSES.



DURING A PERIOD OF TWELVE MONTHS SCOTLAND YARD RECEIVED FROM VARIOUS SCENES OF CRIMES, 52,449 SETS OF FINGERPRINTS FOR CONSIDERATION AND IDENTIFIED OVER 25,000 FROM PRINTS IN ITS RECORDS.

RECENTLY SCOTLAND YARD SLEUTHS SOLVED 20 OUT OF 21 BAFFLING CASES.



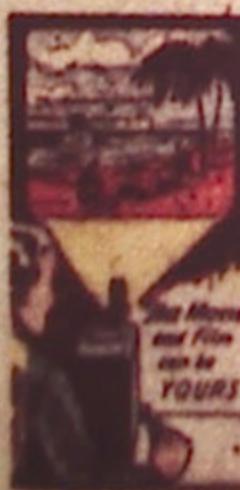
G-MEN RECORD!

WITHOUT THE FIRING OF A SHOT BY THE SPECIAL AGENTS OF THE F.B.I. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, THE NOTORIOUS KIDNAPERS ALVIN KARPIS, WILLIAM DAIRHARD, KAREN CAMPBELL AND TOM BROWN WERE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.



RECENTLY THE GENERAL PREJUDICE ON THE PART OF AVERAGE PERSON FOR HAVING THEIR FINGERPRINTS ON RECORD HAS BEEN DISPelled. J. EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR OF THE F.B.I., EXPLAINS THAT THERE ARE MANY USES FOR FINGERPRINTING BESESIDES CRIME WORK. THE RECORDS SHOW THAT PRINTS HAVE BEEN USEFUL IN THE IDENTIFICATION OF UNKNOWN PERSONS, FOR FINDING PEOPLE, FOR DETECTING FRAUDULENT INSURANCE CLAIMS, IDENTIFYING AMNESIA VICTIMS, BANK CHECK IDENTIFICATION AND OTHER BENEFITS.

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MAIL THIS COUPON

300 PRIZES!
Send this coupon
now and receive
a copy of our
magazine to keep.

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MAKE MONEY and earn all the PRIZES YOU WANT

FOR BOYS, 12 to 18. An aggressive bike, fully streamlined, completely equipped. Gives you a silent, swift, "floating" ride. This bike and any of our 300 other prizes can be yours—and you don't have to buy them! Earn whatever you want, and MAKE MONEY, too, by delivering our magazines to people whom you secure as customers in your neighborhood. It's easy. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Perhaps you can, too. To start at once, mail this ad to Jim Thayer, Dept. 830, The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

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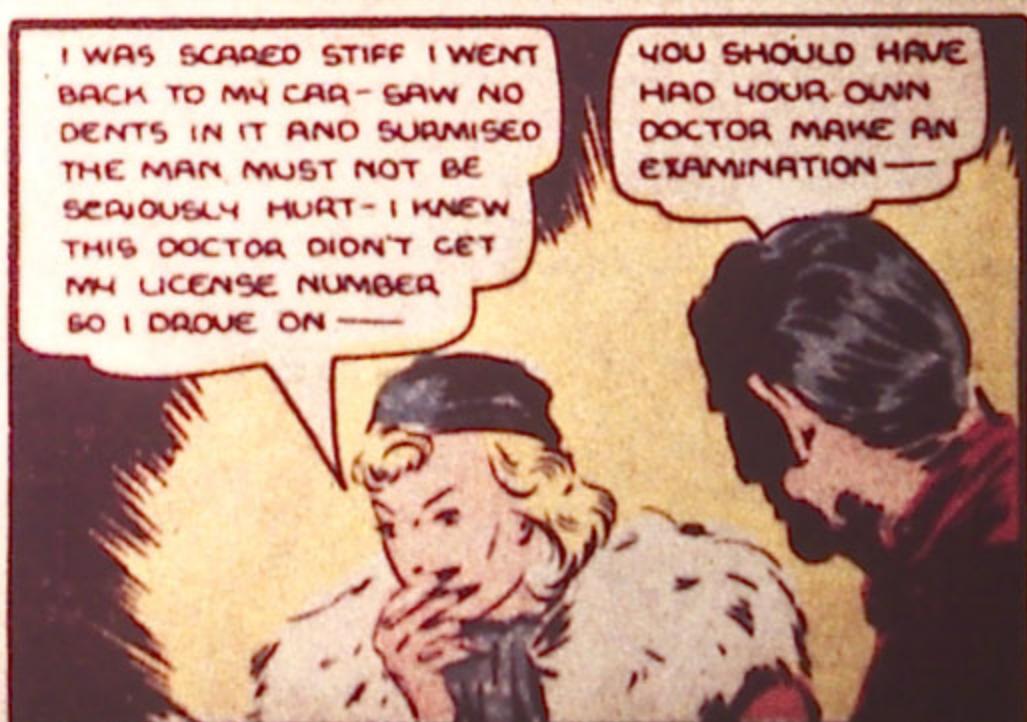
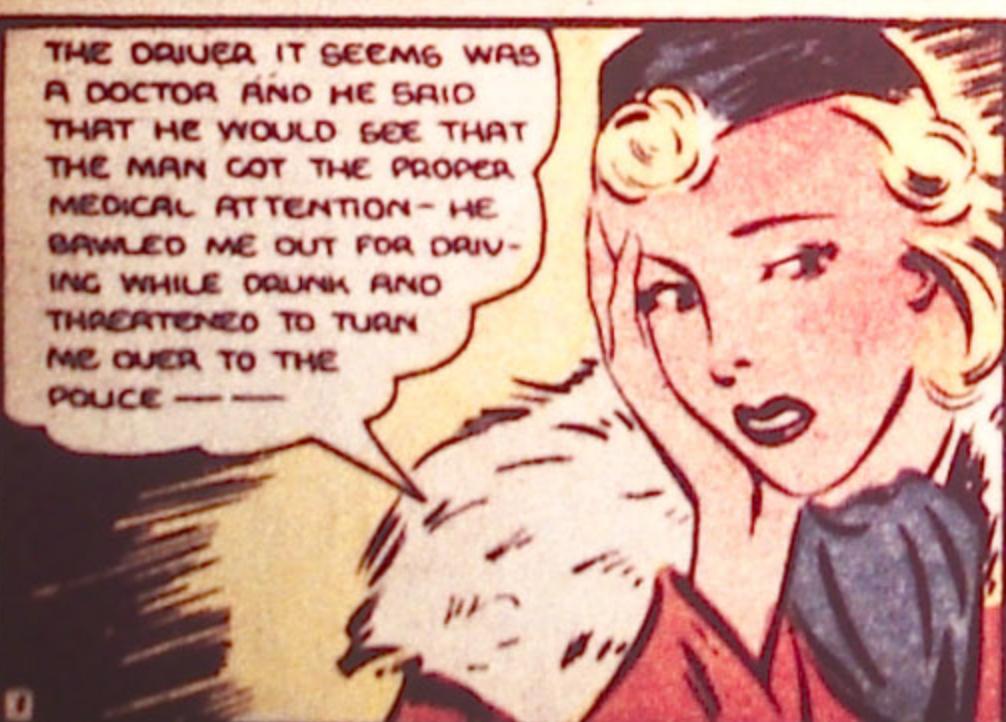
SIEVER KING

LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

HMM - SOUNDS
LIKE SOMEONE
AT THE DOOR -



I KNOW, BUT I WAS TOO RATTLED -
I WAS AFRAID OF BEING CAUGHT
ON A DRUNKEN DRIVING CHARGE -

WHAT DID
YOU DO ?

I KEPT IN TOUCH WITH THE
TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT TO
SEE IF ANY ACCIDENT
HAD BEEN REPORTED
FROM THAT VICINITY -
NONE HAD -

FOR TWO DAYS NOTHING
HAPPENED AND THEN
TONY HALWORTH CALLED ME - - -

HE'S A BAIL-BOND
BROKER WITH A VERY
CROOKED REPUTATION -

SO IT SEEMS - I THINK HE
AND THAT DOCTOR ARE
TRYING TO BLACKMAIL ME -
HE SHOWED ME X-RAYS
OF THE MAN'S SPINE PROVING
THAT IT IS SERIOUSLY
INJURED - - -

HE SAID I MIGHT BE
ARRESTED ANY DAY -
IT SEEMS SOME BODY
CUT MY LICENSE NUM-
BER - I GAVE HIM MONEY
TO TAKE CARE OF THE
INJURED MAN, AND HE
SAID HE COULD CLEAR
ME OF CRIMINAL CHARGES
IF THE MAN LIVED -

BUT IF HE SHOULD DIE,
THEN I WOULD BE HELD
FOR MANSLAUGHTER -

DID YOU EVER SEE
THIS MAN ?

YES - HE'S A TOM HARRISON -
LIVES ON BRENT STREET -
I WENT DISGUISED AS A WELFARE
WORKER - HE SEEMED TO BE
SUFFERING - - BUT - - -

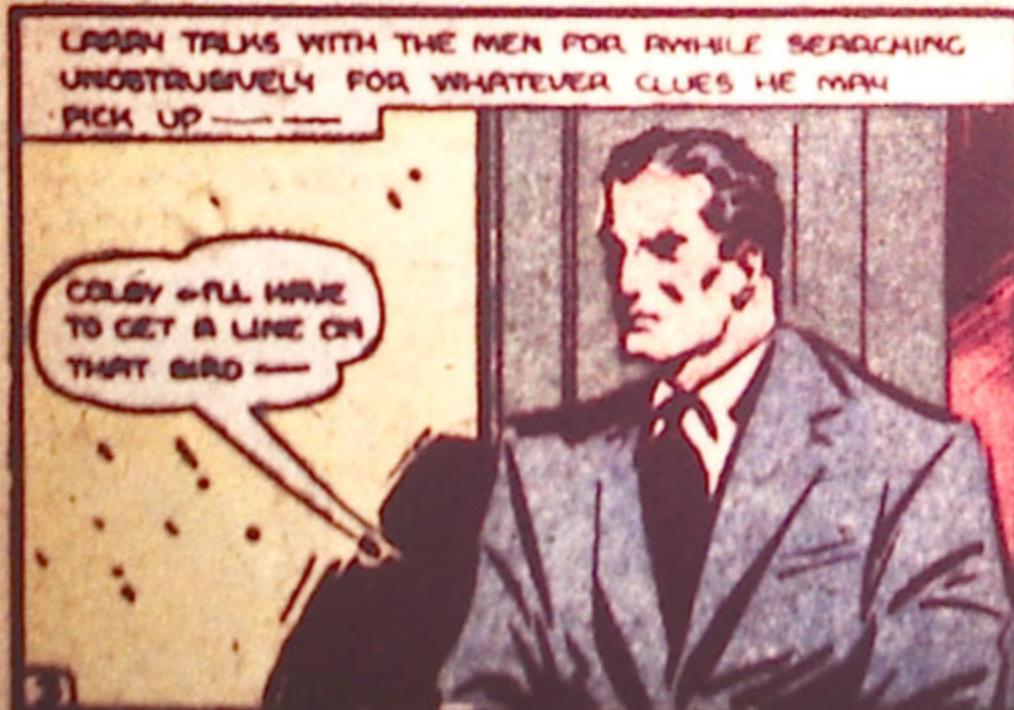
YES - BUT - SINCE
YOU MENTIONED
HALWORTH, I'VE
SMELLED A RAT!
WHO WAS THE
DOCTOR ?

AUER - THAT NAME SOUNDS
FAMILIAR - YES I REMEMBER
PAULA - I THINK I CAN HELP
YOU - I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH
YOU TOMORROW -

DOCTOR AUER -

DR. DOCTOR FINEH -
HMM - THAT PUNK
HAS A SORRY AD-
TUATION AS A
DOCTOR !

THE NEXT DAY LARIN BRINGS A VISIT TO THE VICTIM
OF THE ACCIDENT, TOM HARRISON —



I THINK I'VE GOT
SOMETHING TO
WORK ON NOW -
I'M GOING TO TRY
A LITTLE TRICK —

HELLO, HALWORTH -- THIS
IS COLBY - SAY WHEN
ARE YOU GOING TO KICK
IN WITH SOME DOLCH —

WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT -
I SETTLED WITH
YOU ---

OH YEAH - WELL I DON'T DO
ANY TUMBLING ACT IN FRONT
OF AN AUTOMOBILE FOR CHICKEN
FEED I'M COMING UP AND COLLECT !

NOW TO MAKE ANOTHER
CATCH-HELLO --- EVERY-
THING'S COOLY - SAY
MEET ME OVER AT
TONY'S BAR HALF AN
OUR - HE'S GOT AN-
OTHER JOB FOR US -

HELLO - PAULA - SAY
RELAX, LITTLE GIRL -
IN A VERY SHORT WHILE
I'LL BE OVER AND EXPLAIN
TO YOU WHY YOU NEEDN'T
WORRY ANYMORE —

CHIEF - GRAB YOUR HAT
AND COME WITH ME -
YOU'RE GOING TO WITNESS
THE EXPOSE OF A
NICE LITTLE BLACK-
MAILING RACKET !

I'M WITH YOU,
LARAH —

NOW WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT ?

NO TIME TO TELL YOU.
NOW - JUST LISTEN WHEN
WE GET THERE — — —

HERE'S THE OFFICE -
WE'LL HAVE TO SEE
HOW WE CAN BEST
WORK THIS - I THINK
IF WE GIVE THEM
ENOUGH ROPE
THEY'LL HANG
THEMSELVES —

THIS LITTLE ACOVE WILL
BE A NICE HIDING PLACE
TO LISTEN IN ON A RATHER
INTERESTING CONVERSATION —

TOM HALWORTH
IS AT HIS DESK
WHEN DR. AVERH
ENTERS — — —

HELLO, AVERH -
WHAT'S ON YOUR
MIND ?

WHY COLBH TOLD ME
TO DROP OVER, THAT
YOU HAD A JOB FOR US —

SAY THAT GUY MUST BE
OFF HIS NUT - HE JUST CALLED
ME AND WAS SQUAKIN' FOR
MORE MONEY ON THAT PAULA
STEPHENS JOB — — —

SAY HOW ABOUT
HER; IS SHE GOING
TO KICK IN ?

I THINK SO - SHE SAW
HARRISON AND THINKS HE'S
HER ACCIDENT VICTIM -
WOULDN'T SHE BE SUR-
PRISED IF SHE KNEW IT
WAS COLBH, THE TUMBLER,
THAT SHE HIT —

THINK YOU'VE
HEARD ENOUGH,
CHIEF ?

I'LL SAY I HAVE !

ALL RIGHT! GET 'EM
UP YOU TWO BLACK-
MAILERS !

WE'VE BEEN HERE JUST
LONG ENOUGH TO HERD
YOU TWO INCRIMINATE
YOURSELVES —

SO HALWORTH, THE GHISTER,
AND AVERN, THE QUACK !
LET'S GET THE CUFFS ON !

I'LL PICK UP COUSH --
HARRISON IS A CRIPPLE
WE CAN GO LIGHT ON HIM --

SAM WHERE IS
COUSH ?

THAT WAS ME
CALLING WHEN YOU
TWO THOUGHT IT
WAS COUSH — YOU
FELL LIKE A TON
OF BRICKS !

TAKE CARE OF THEM,
CHIEF, I'VE GOT A CALL
TO MAKE --

O.K. LARRAH - YOU'VE
DONE A NICE JOB —

NOW TO LET PAULA
IN ON THE GOOD NEWS —

LARRAH TELLS PAULA THE STORM —

AND THAT'S THE WAY
IT IS, YOUNGSTER —
NO MORE WORRIES —

OH, LARRAH - YOU'RE
A PERFECT DARLING !

I'M GOING TO GIVE
YOU A GREAT BIG
KISS !

THIS JOB DOES HAVE
IT'S GOOD POINTS —

THE END ---

Buck Marshall

RANGE DETECTIVE

BY

A. E. DURRANT

- BULLET TRAP -

WITH HIS BROAD SHOULDERS SWAYING GRACEFULLY TO THE MOTION OF HIS BRONCO, BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE-DETECTIVE, RIDES ALONG THE TRAIL THAT LEADS EVENTUALLY TO THE RIO GRANDE . . .

SUDDENLY, HE DRAWS REIN AS HE HEARS THE EVEN DRUM OF HOOFs, SOME DISTANCE BEYOND.



IN ANOTHER MOMENT BUCK SEES A STAGE COACH SWING INTO VIEW FROM AROUND THE FACE OF A BLUFF



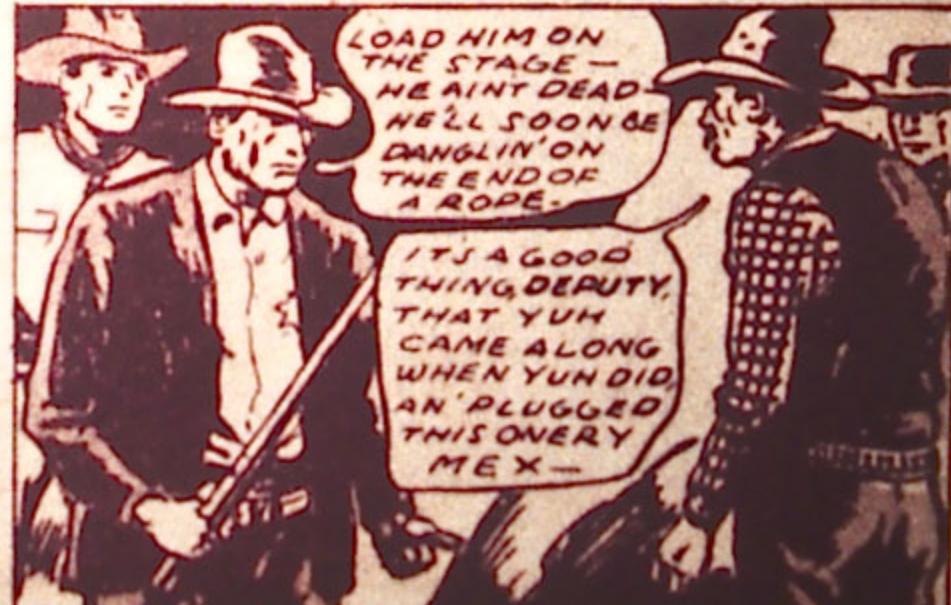
THE HORSES SKID TO A SUDDEN STOP IN A CLOUD OF DUST AS A MEXICAN BAWLING A COMMAND, STEPS FROM BEHIND A BOULDER — A BANDANA COVERS HALF OF HIS FACE AND HE HAS A SIX-GUN IN EACH HAND



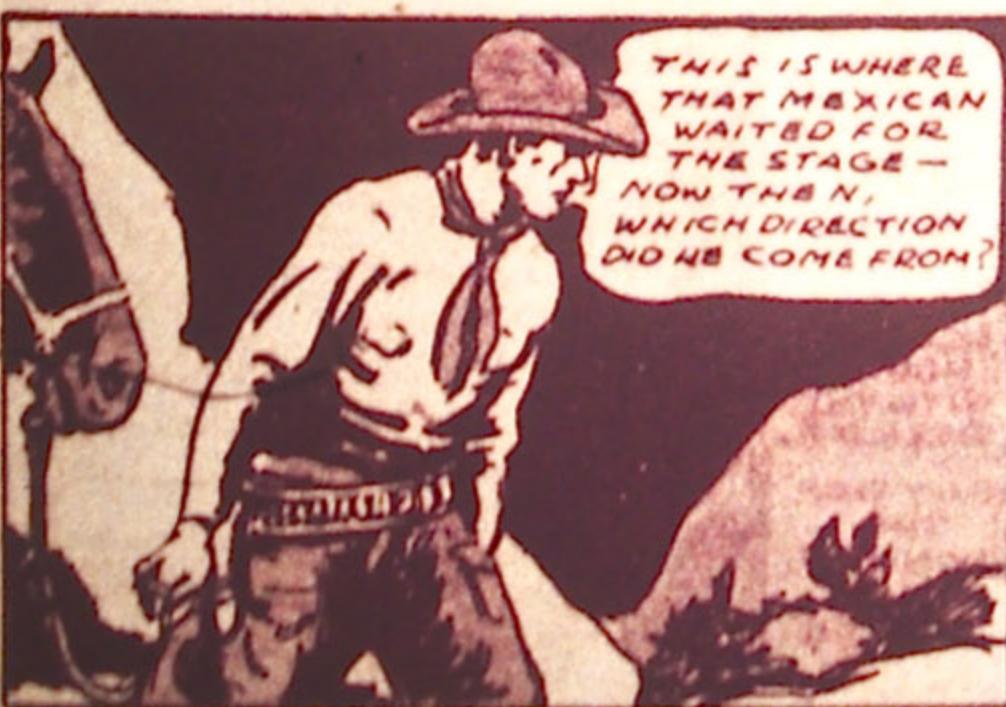
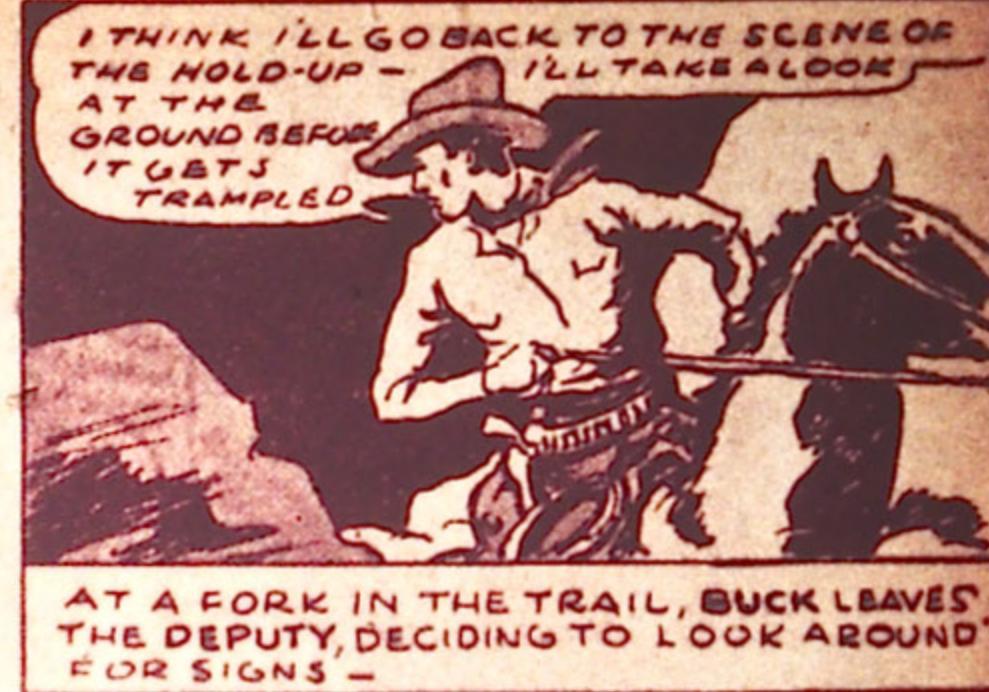
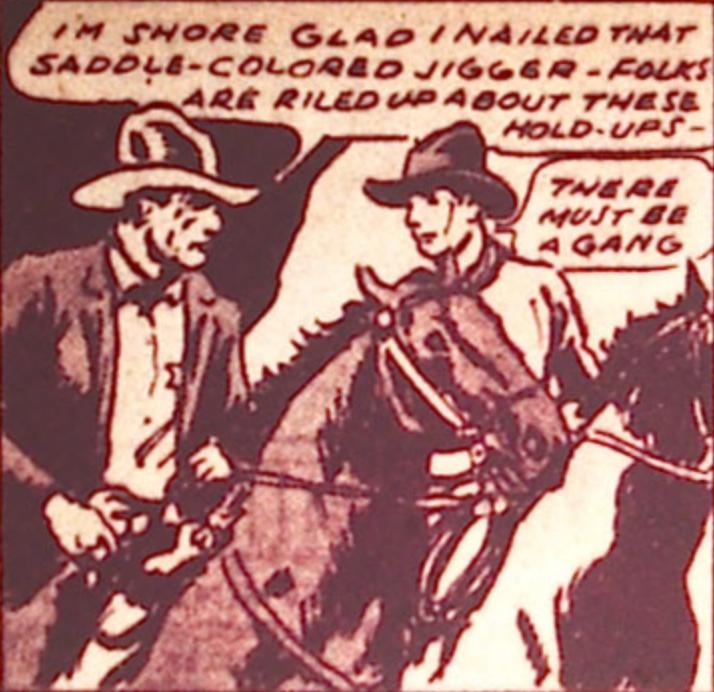
BUCK SPURS FORWARD TO THE SCENE OF THE HOLD-UP — THE DRIVER, GUARD AND A THIRD MAN, ARE BENDING OVER THE BANDIT, LYING ON THE GROUND



SUDDENLY FROM A CLUMP OF BUSHES TO THE REAR, COMES A RIFLE SHOT — THE BANDIT PITCHES FORWARD ON HIS FACE.



BUCK AND THE DEPUTY MAKE THEMSELVES KNOWN TO ONE ANOTHER. WHEN THE STAGE STARTS ON, THEY RIDE TOGETHER A SHORT DISTANCE IN THE REAR.



BY THE WAY, SHERIFF,
I SEE THERE'S A REWARD
OFFERED FOR THE CAPTURE
OF THESE
BANDITS

YES, THE
BANKS OFFER
\$1000-
DEAD OR
ALIVE

WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
DOC?

SHERIFF, YOUR
MEXICAN GOT
AWAY!

AS THE SHERIFF AND BUCK ARE ABOUT
TO LEAVE, THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND
THE DOCTOR HURRIEDLY ENTERS-

HE WAS LYING ON
THAT COUCH -
MUST HAVE CLIMBED
OUT OF THAT
WINDOW WHILE
I WAS IN THE
OFFICE -

BUCK
CAREFULLY
EXAMINES
THE
ROOM,
THEN
HE LEAVES
THE
DOCTOR'S
HOUSE
WITH THE
SHERIFF.
OUTSIDE
THE
WINDOW,
THEY
SEARCH
FOR
TRACKS

SHERIFF, SOMEONE HELPED HIM
GETAWAY - THERE'S THE IMPRINT OF
A FLAT HEEL - THE
MEXICAN WORE
SPIKE HEEL
BOOTS

SHERIFF, CAUTION THE DOC TO KEEP
MUM ABOUT THIS GET-AWAY - I'M FOLLOWING
THESE TRACKS

O.K.,
BUCK -
THIS BREAK
MAY COST
ME MY JOB

THE
TRACKS
LEAD
FROM
BEHIND
THE
DOCTOR'S
HOUSE
TO A
THICKET
IN THE
REAR
OF THE
CASINO

A HORSE WAS
TIED HERE - WORD
WAS BROUGHT
TO THE MEX WHERE
IT WOULD BE FOUND

THE
MEX
MOUNTED
AND RODE
NORTH -
HE
WENT
ALONE.

RUNNING
BACK
TO THE
HITCH-RACK
IN FRONT
OF THE
SHERIFF'S
OFFICE,
BUCK
LEAPS
INTO HIS
SADDLE
AND
STARTS
ON THE
MEXICAN'S
TRAIL

WE'RE GAINING
ON HIM PEPPER
THE TRAIL LOOKS
FRESHER

AS THE TRAIL TWISTS AROUND A JUTTING SHOULDER OF ROCK, BUCK'S BRONCO SNORTS AND COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP



STEADY BOY -



I'LL BE DOG-GONE, IF IT ISN'T THE MEX -

BUCK DISMOUNTS AND DRAWS HIS GUN, EXPECTING TO SEE A RATTLE SNAKE - LYING ON HIS BACK IN A POOL OF BLOOD, IS A MAN -



IT'S THE MEX, SURE ENOUGH - SHOT SMACK THROUGH THE HEAD - DRY-GULCHED - HIS GUN IS FULLY LOADED

WHILE BUCK IS SEARCHING FOR SOME SIGN OF THE KILLER, HE IS BEING WATCHED FROM A BRUSH-COVERED KNOB ABOVE - CAUTIOUSLY A SIX-GUN IS THRUST THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE FOLIAGE!



BANG
AS BUCK CLIMBS UP THE SIDE OF A STEEP BANK, A FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER OF THE GUN! BUCK SWAYS FOR A SECOND -

IN ANOTHER MOMENT, HIS BODY SHOOTS HEAD DOWNWARD, LANDING IN A LIFELESS HEAP AT THE FOOT OF THE BANK -

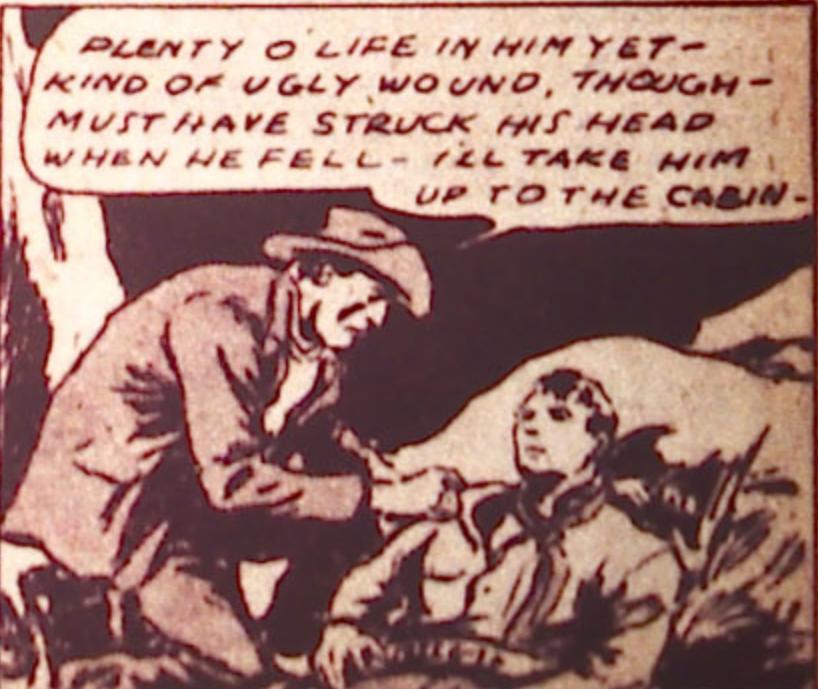


SOME HOURS LATER, LANK DEVITT, A NESTER, HAPPENS TO BE COMBING THE BRUSH FOR STRAY CATTLE - HE STUMBLERS ACROSS BUCK'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM IN A TANGLE OF GRASS

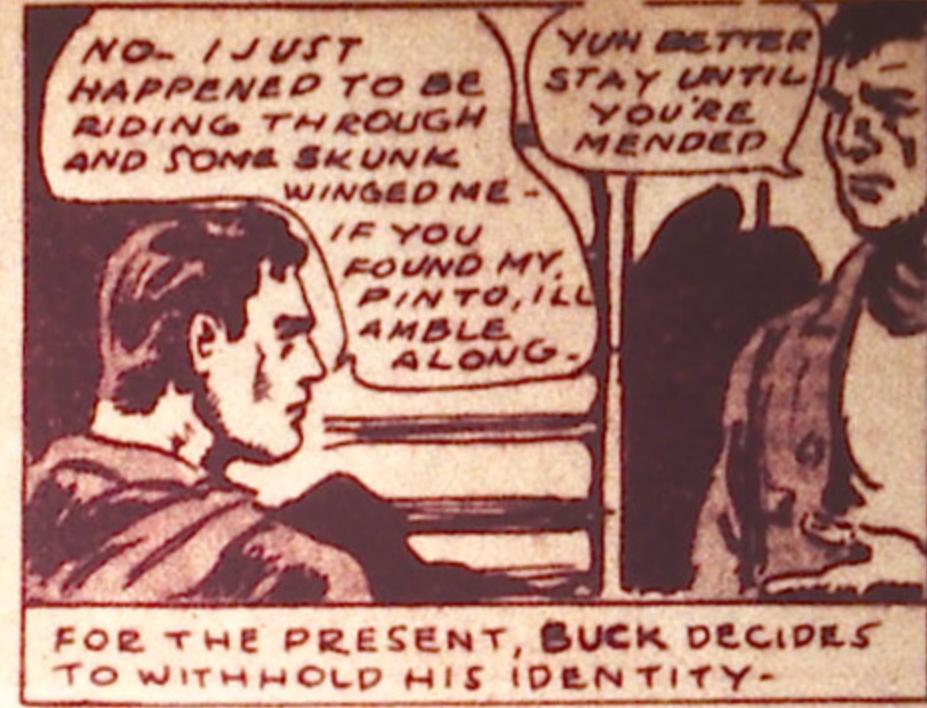
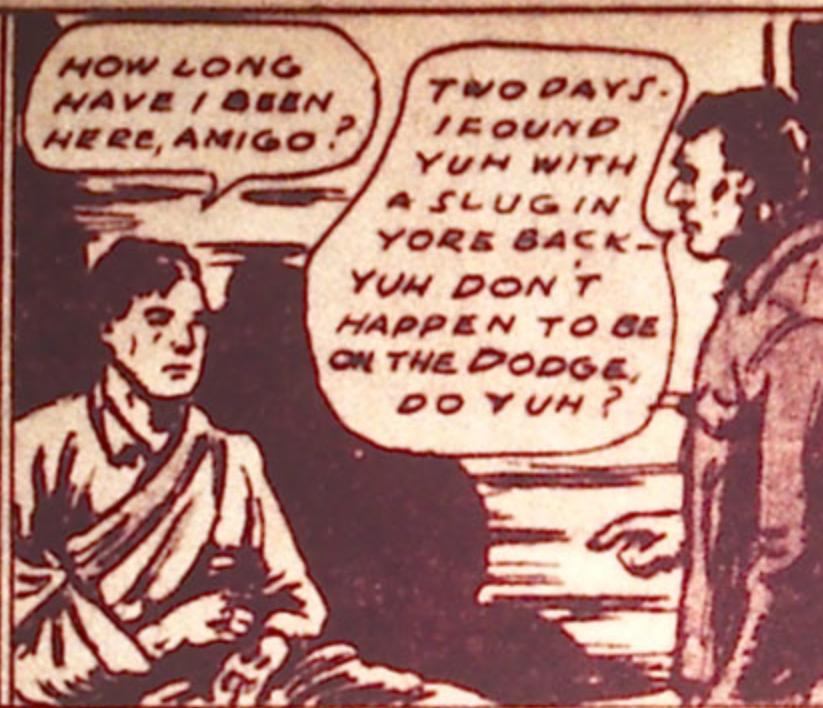


CLOTHES ALL DIRT COVERED - MUST HAVE FALLEN -

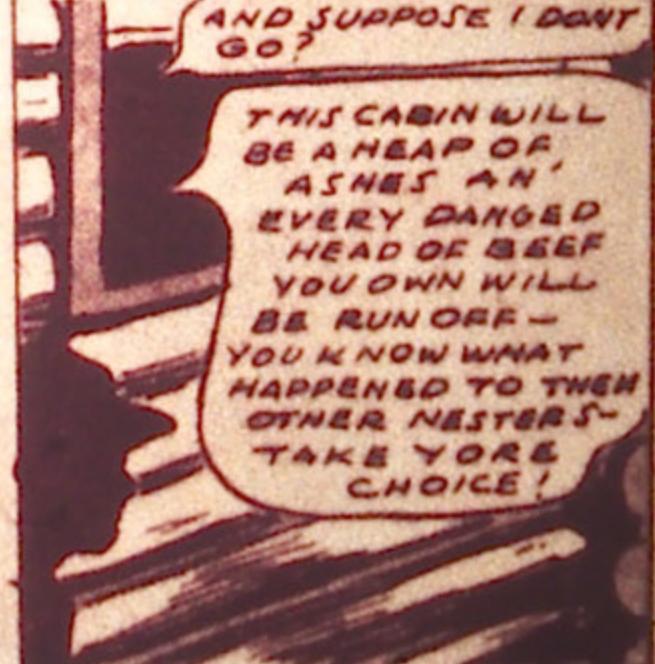
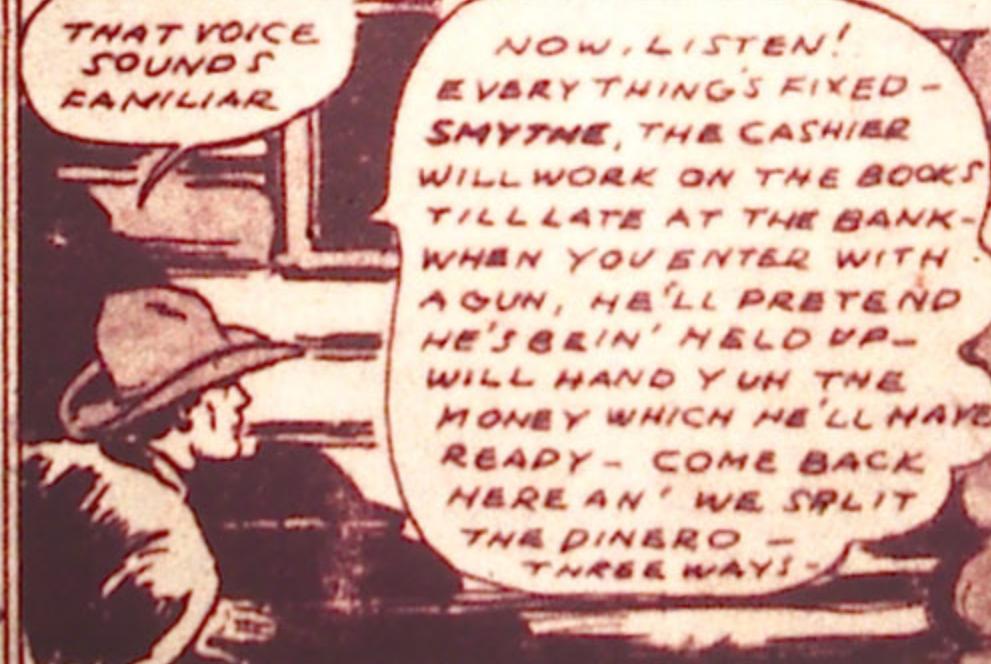
PLenty O' LIFE IN HIM YET - KIND OF UGLY WOUND, THOUGH - MUST HAVE STRUCK HIS HEAD WHEN HE FELL - I'LL TAKE HIM UP TO THE CABIN -



WHEN BUCK BECOMES CONSCIOUS AGAIN, HE FINDS HIMSELF ON A COT IN A CABIN - HIS RIGHT ARM IS IN A SLING



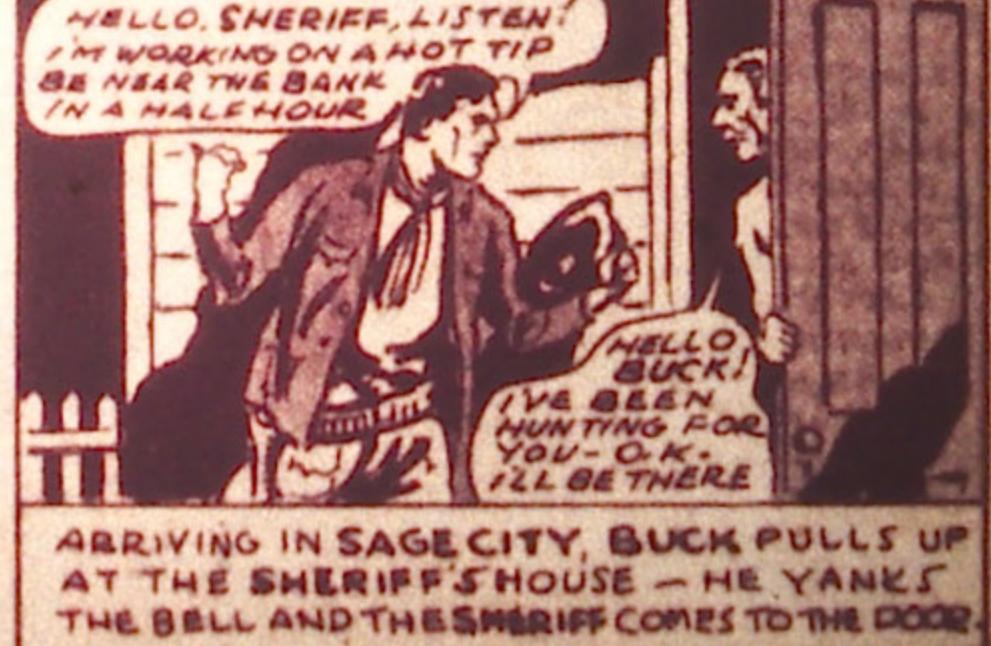
IN ABOUT THREE WEEKS BUCK IS FULLY RECOVERED AND IS HELPING DEVITT WITH THE CHORES - ONE NIGHT ON HIS RETURN TO THE CABIN, HE OVERHEARS SOMEONE TALKING TO DEVITT.



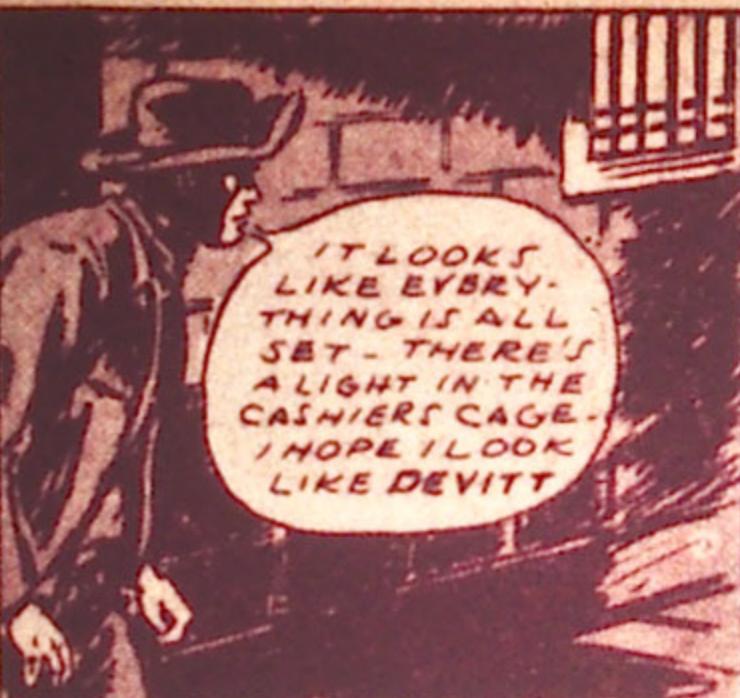
WHEN THE VISITOR HAD GONE, BUCK RUSHES INTO THE CABIN - DEVITT IS LOADING HIS GUN



PUTTING ON DEVITT'S HAT AND JACKET, BUCK RUNS TO THE CORRAL. IN A FEW MINUTES HE IS HEADING FOR SAGE CITY ON ONE OF DEVITT'S BRONCOS



LEAPING INTO THE SADDLE, BUCK HEADS FOR THE BANK - A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE BUILDING, HE DISMOUNTS AND TIES HIS HORSE. AT THE APPOINTED TIME, HE WALKS TO THE BANK.



SUDDENLY, AT THE SOUND OF A FOOT-STEP FROM BEHIND, HE SWINGS AROUND - A MAN IS IN THE DOORWAY - A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE OTHER FIRES, BUCK'S BULLET SENDS THE INTRUDER'S GUN SPINNING IN THE AIR -



BUCK COUNTERS WITH A LEFT HOOK TO THE DEPUTY'S CHIN THAT SENDS HIS HEAD BACK WITH A SNAP - HE LANDS ON THE FLOOR IN A HEAP -



AND SHERIFF, HERE'S YOUR ROAD AGENT, THE MURDERER OF THE MEXICAN AND HEAD OF A GANG OF LAND HOOS - HIS METHOD IS TO INTIMIDATE HIS VICTIM TO DO HIS CROOKED WORK - THEN HE PLUGS HIM IN THE BACK AND COLLECTS THE REWARD MONEY -



SPY

by
SIEGEL &
SHUSTER

HEADQUARTERS U.S. SPY SERVICE.

I HAVE A PARTICULARLY UNIQUE
ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU THIS TIME—
EVER HEAR OF BARON VON
HULDORF?

CAN'T SAY
I HAVE!

DITTO!



WELL, HE'S A SPY, JUST LIKE YOU! ONLY HE WORKS IN THE OPEN. TODAY HE'S ARRIVING HERE FROM HIS NATIVE COUNTRY TO WORK IN THE BATARIA EMBASSY-- YOUR ASSIGNMENT IS TO TIP OFF THE BARON TO ALL THE CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION HE DESIRES!



WHAT? BETRAY OUR COUNTRY?
CHIEF! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

DON'T JUMP TO HASTY CONCLUSIONS!



YOU ARE TO TIP HIM OFF TO HARMLESS INFORMATION, SUCH AS HE'D UNDOUBTEDLY DIG UP ANYWAY—BUT AT THE SAME TIME YOU'RE TO PREVENT HIM FROM UNEARTHING OR STEALING ANYTHING "BIG"



SOUNDS LIKE A GOOFY
ASSIGNMENT TO ME, SALLY!

YOU'RE TELLIN' ME!—WE'D
BETTER HURRY IF WE'RE
GOING TO MEET HIM AT
THE PIER!



LATER

BEG PARDON,
ARE YOU—
BARON VON
HULDORF?—YES!
JUST THE MAN
WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

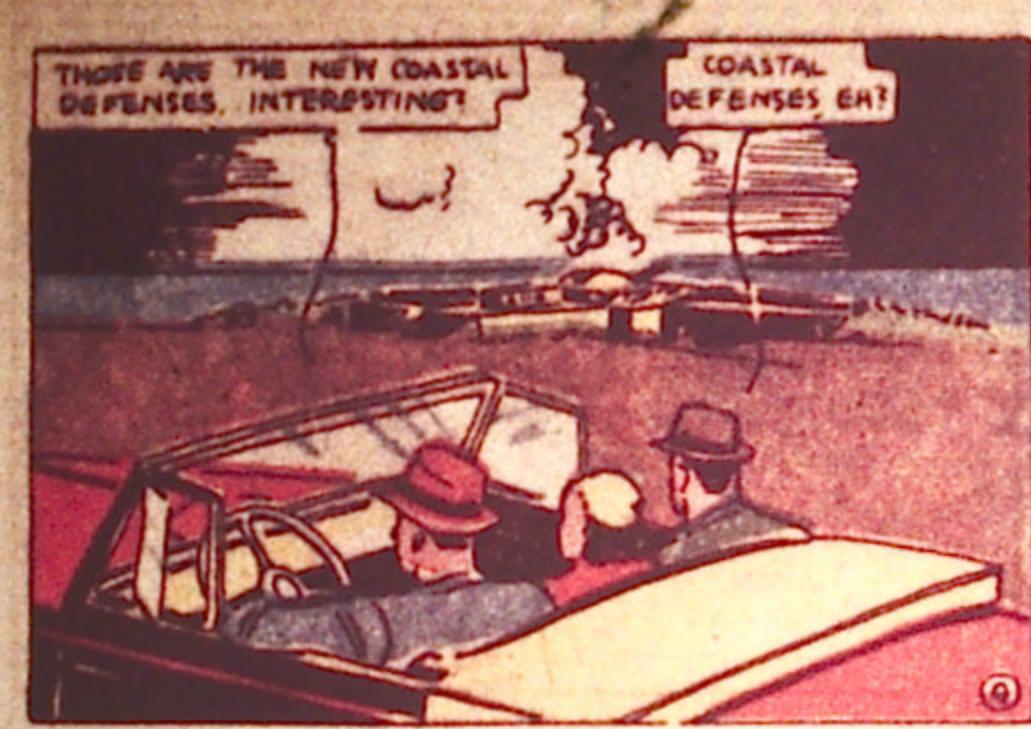


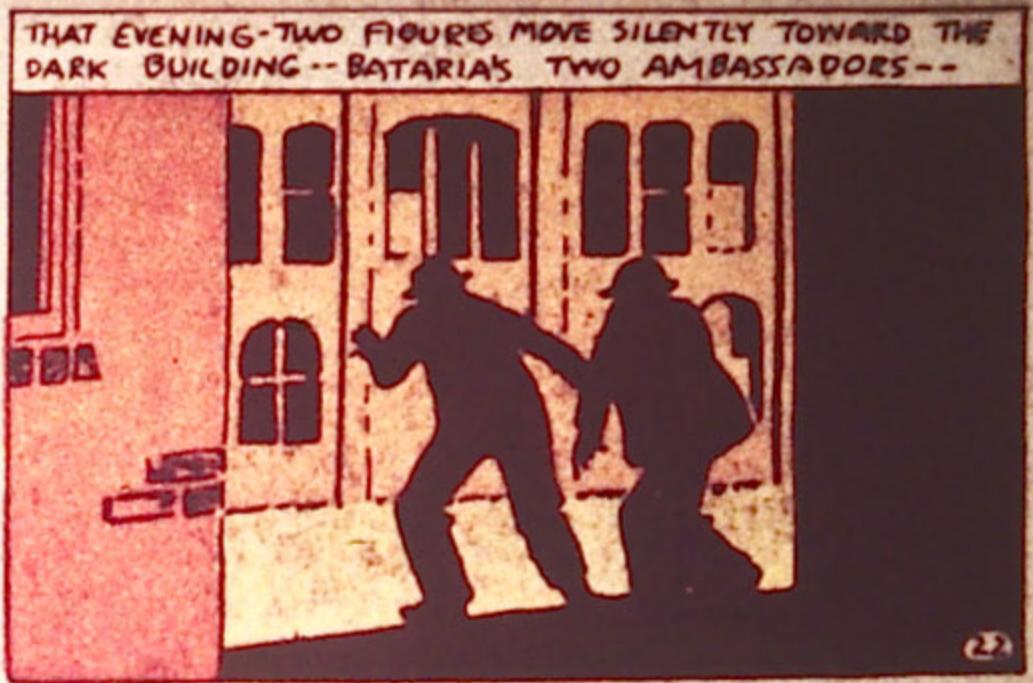
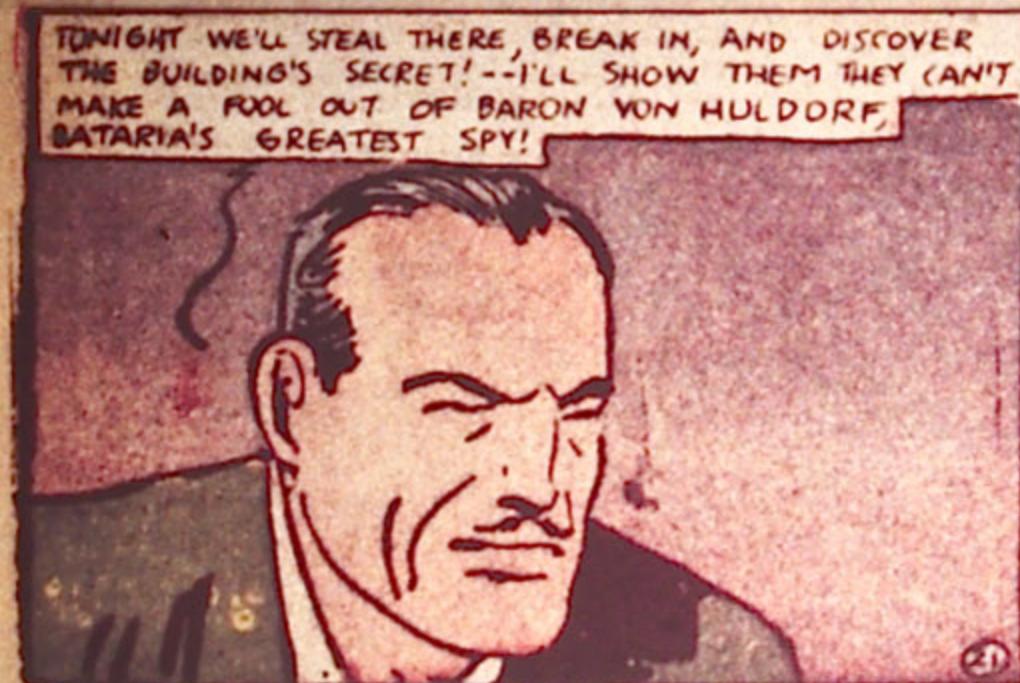
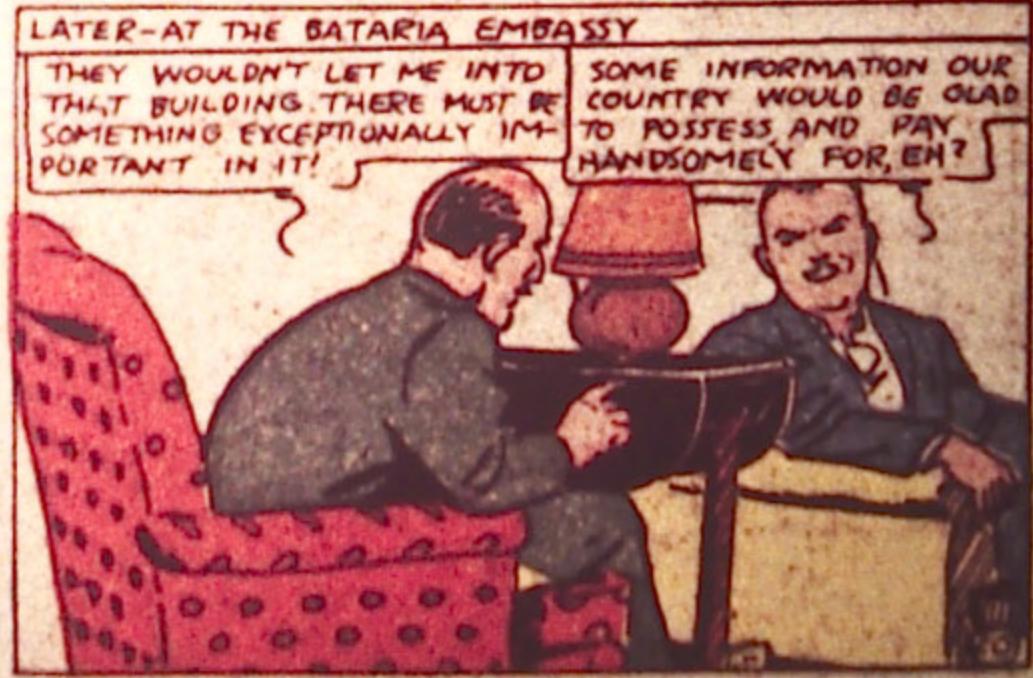
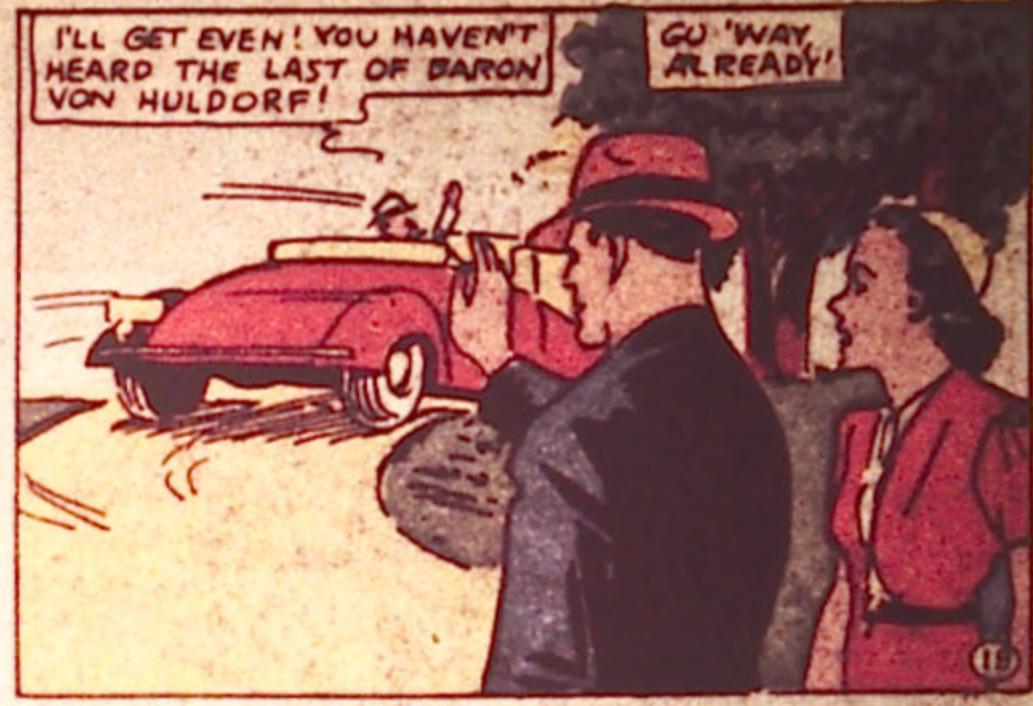
WOULD YOU CARE TO
HAVE US SHOW YOU
THE CITY?

GLADLY!—
LEAD ON!

CUS
OFF







IT'S
LOCKED

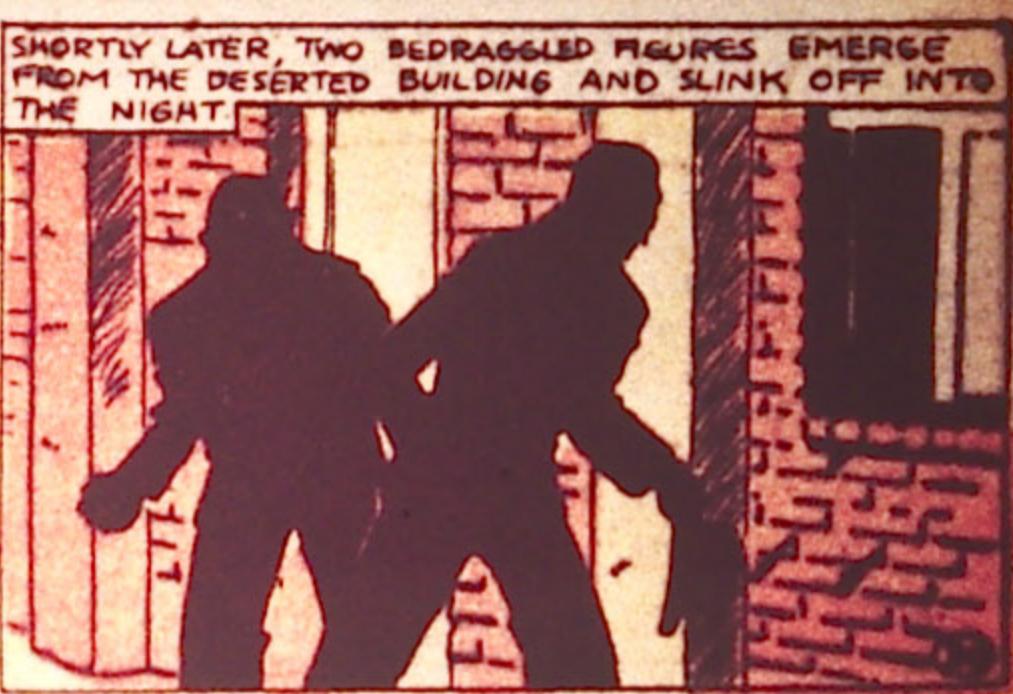
BUT NOT FOR LONG! - I KNOW ALL THE
TRICKS OF BREAKING INTO WHERE
I'M NOT WANTED!

SLOWLY THE DOOR TO THE BUILDING OPENS -- VON
HULDORF AND HIS ACCOMPLICE STEP THRU--



LOOK! THE BUILDING IS EMPTY EXCEPT
FOR THIS WATERY PIT! - MY CLOTHES, THEY
ARE SPOILED! - I AM HUMILIATED!

SHORTLY LATER, TWO BEDRAGGLED FIGURES Emerge
FROM THE DESERTED BUILDING AND SLINK OFF INTO
THE NIGHT.



HO! HO! - IT WORKED! - GUESS
THEY WON'T BE SO NOSEY
AFTER THIS!

BART, YOU'RE
A SCREAM!



NEWSPAPERS NEXT DAY--

BARON VON HULDORF RETURNS TO BATA Cuts Short Visit Due to Homesickness

Funds to pay up back interest,
capital stock would remain un-
paid. The debtor corporation would re-
main in charge of the property. All
funds would go to the plaintiff after
the plaintiff's claim. The plaintiff will

bring court and pressing a ruling
there, would go to the civil courts and
seek judgment against the defen-
dant. Under such judgment, he
said, the plaintiff would receive property
of the defendant to satisfy the de-
fendant's claim. The plaintiff will

Navy Reserve S
to Open B
Washington, D. C.
Wednesday, June 1
1943

THE CHIEF OF THE SPY SERVICE READS THE MORNING PAPER WITH GREAT SATISFACTION

OODD OL' SALLY AN' BART! - I KNEW I COULD RELY UPON THEM TO DO THE TRICK!



(33)

SALLY AND BART DITTO--

WELL, WE DID IT AGAIN, EH SALLY?

UH-HUH!



(34)

THE BARON VON HULDORF--

I SHALL NEVER RECOVER FROM THE BLOW TO MY PRIDE!



(35)

--BUT MOST INTERESTED OF ALL IN THE ARTICLE IS LORENZO RICA, VICIOUS INTERNATIONAL SPY!

VON HULDORF LEAVING, EH? - I SEE THE HAND OF BART REGAN AND SALLY NORRIS BEHIND THIS!



(36)

THEY'VE GOT TO BE STOPPED! TOO MANY PLOTS HAVE BEEN FOILED BY THEIR MEDDLING! AND THE ONLY WAY TO DO IT, IS TO ELIMINATE THEM FOR GOOD!



(37)

SINCE NO ONE ELSE WILL DO IT, IT'S UP TO ME! - I'LL HUNT THEM LIKE WILD BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE, AND SHOOT THEM DOWN WITHOUT MERCY!



(38)

THAT AFTERNOON, AS SALLY AND BART LEAVE OFFICE BUILDING--

IT WAS SWELL OF THE CHIEF TO GIVE US A WEEK'S VACATION! MAYBE NOW WE CAN HAVE SOME FUN!



(39)

THERE THEY ARE! - ONE SHOT, AND--



(40)

RICA FIRES!



-- AND MISSES'

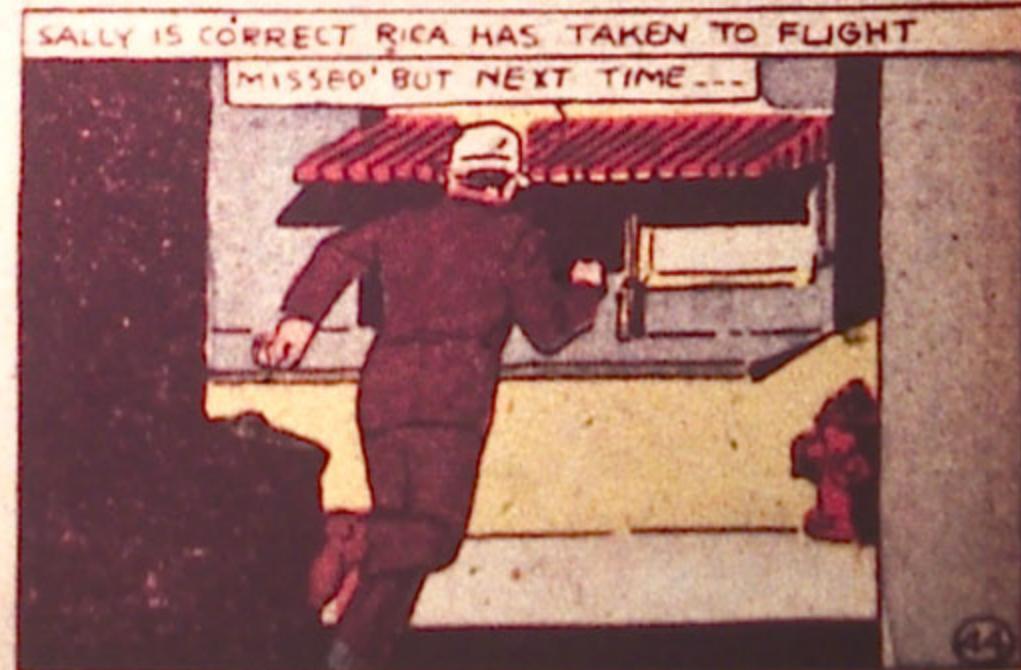


DON'T MOVE!

WHOEVER IT IS, HE SEEKS TO HAVE STOPPED SHOOTING!



SALLY IS CORRECT RICA HAS TAKEN TO FLIGHT
MISSSED' BUT NEXT TIME---



I WONDER WHO COULD BE
TAKING A POT SHOT AT ME?

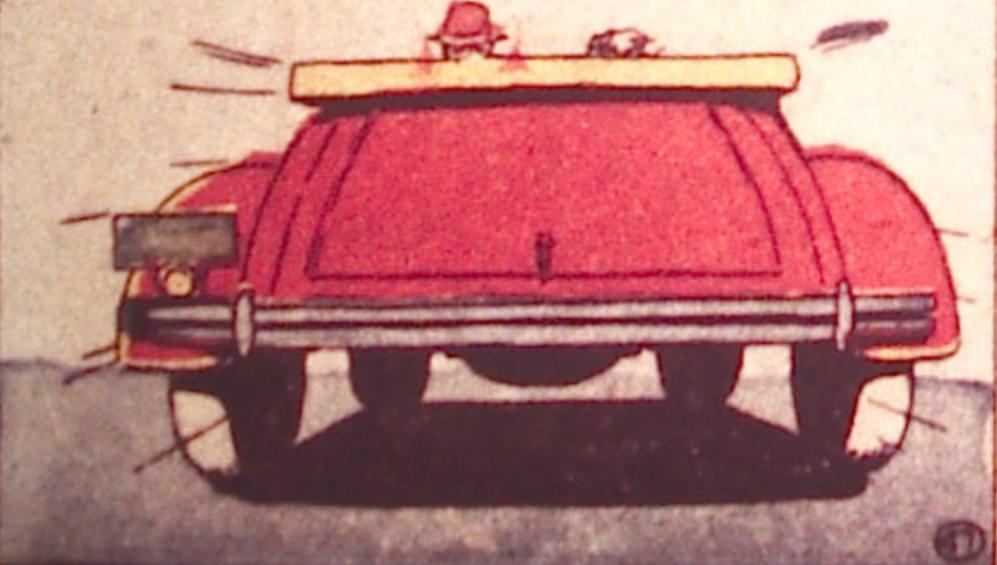
LET'S GET AWAY
FROM HERE!



BART'S CAR LEAPS AWAY FROM THE CURB IN A
BURST OF SPEED---

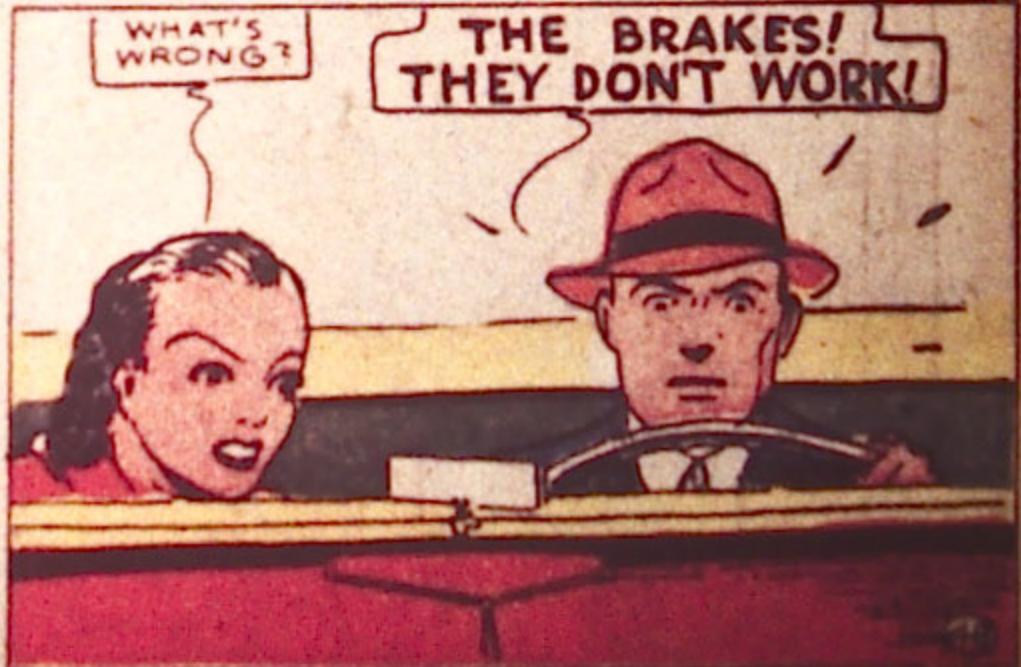


FASTER IT STREAKS -- THEN FASTER STILL --!



WHAT'S
WRONG?

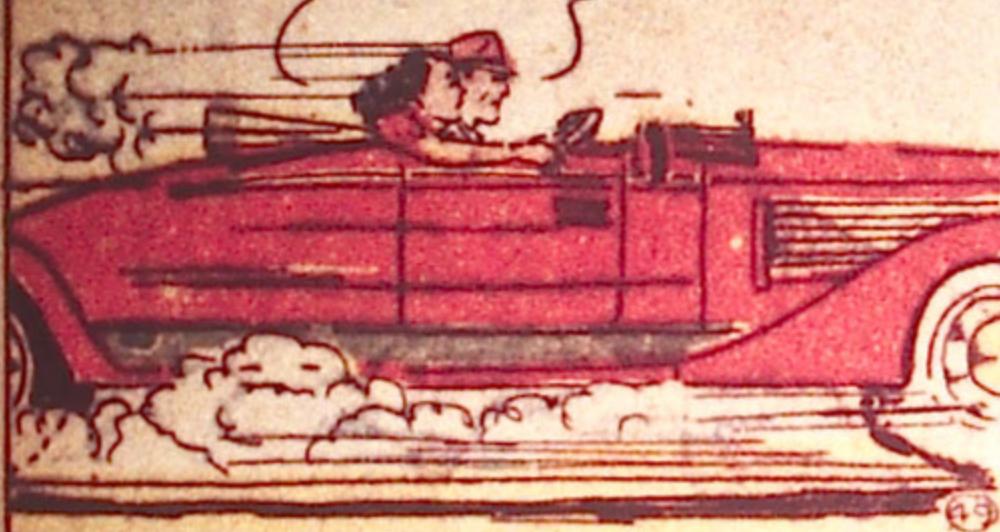
THE BRAKES!
THEY DON'T WORK!



ON RACES THE AUTO AT A TERRIFIC CLIP--

I THINK IT'S SLOWING!

IT HAD BETTER-- OR WE'RE SUNK!



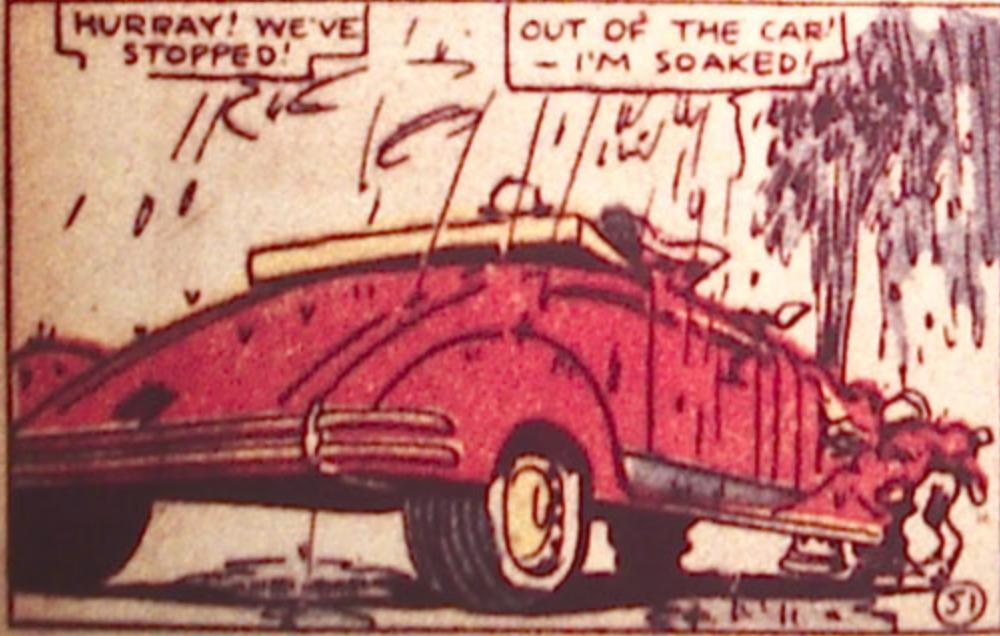
--NARROWLY ESCAPING CRASHING OTHER MACHINES BY WEAVING DESPERATELY!



SUDDENLY--IT SLAMS INTO A WATER-PLUG

HURRAY! WE'VE STOPPED!

OUT OF THE CAR! - I'M SOAKED!



NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK MADE YOUR AUTO BEHAVE LIKE THAT?

THIS TIES UP WITH THAT PISTOL-SHOT I THINK SOMEONE DELIBERATELY DISCONNECTED THE BRAKE



IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE IS DETERMINED TO KILL US!

LET'S GO TO MY APARTMENT! THIS CALLS FOR A CONFERENCE!



WITHIN BART'S APARTMENT--

IF I'VE CALCULATED CORRECTLY, THEY'LL BE HERE ANY INSTANT AND WHEN THEY ENTER--

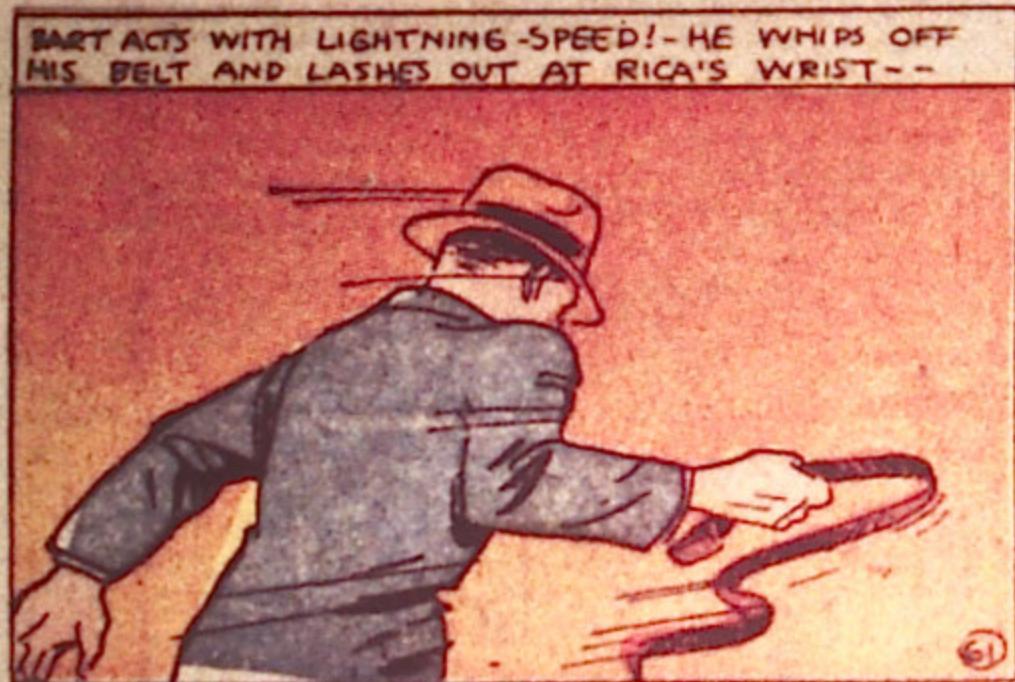
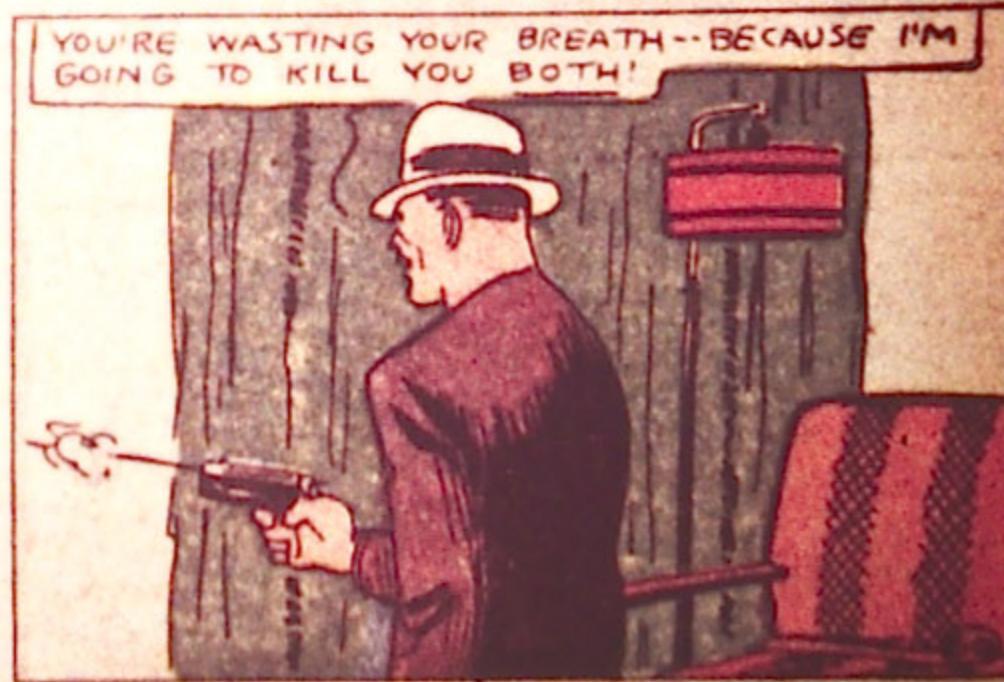
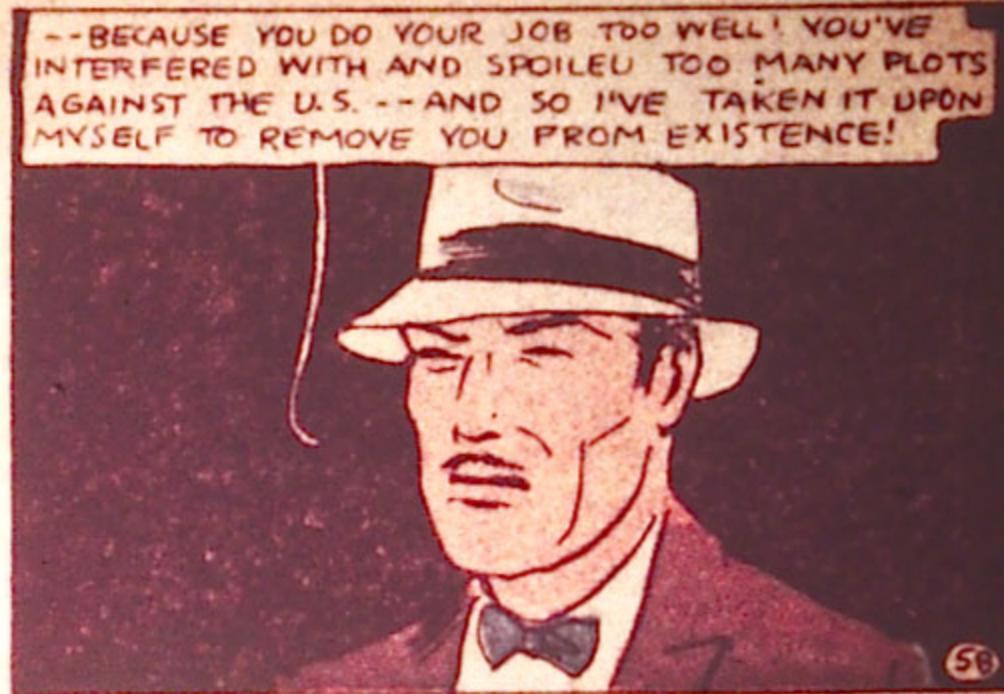


FIRST I'LL PHONE THE CHIEF AND ACQUAINT HIM WITH WHAT'S GOING ON!



COME IN---!





The adventurous story
of that sinister charac-
ter of the Orient . . .

DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

by
The Celebrated
English Author

SAX ROHMER

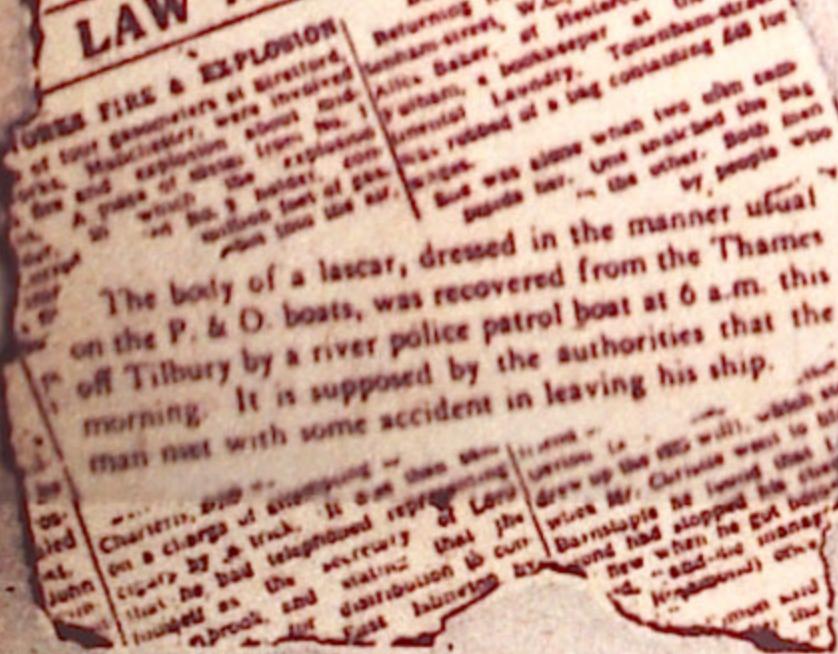


NAYLAND SMITH, British Government official, is in London from the East fighting Dr. Fu Manchu, sinister leader of a vast Yellow conspiracy to overthrow Western civilization. Fu Manchu, having murdered Sir Crichton Davey with the Zayat Kiss, seeks to end the lives of Smith and Dr. Petrie, his associate, by the same means. But they kill Fu Manchu's poisonous giant centipede. Now . . .

"Sir Crichton Davey's dying cry mystified me, Petrie," continued Smith. "The centipede explains it. He did not say 'The red hand!' but 'The red ant!' The poisonous thing certainly looked like a huge ant."



LAW AND



Early evening editions of the newspapers were out next day before Smith and I had slept our fill after the night's strange and exciting events. Smith passed me a paper indicating a paragraph among the minor police items.



"For 'lascar' read 'dacoit,'" Smith said. "Our caller who came by way of the ivy failed to accomplish his purpose, luckily for us. Also, he lost the centipede and left a clue behind. Dr. Fu Manchu does not overlook such lapses. . . ."

My thoughts recoiled from consideration of the fate that would be ours if ever we fell into the clutches of this evil being!



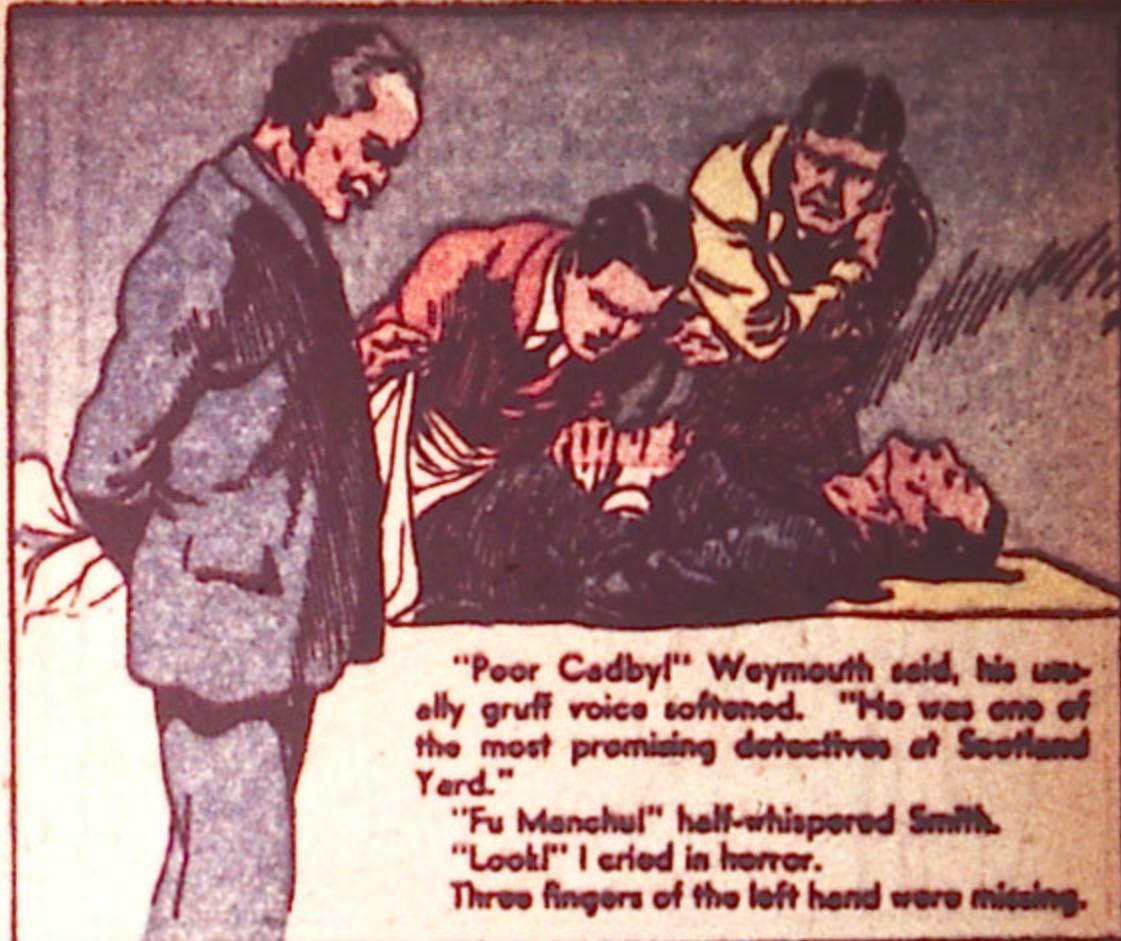
It was an indication of our jangled nervous state that we both started from our chairs as the telephone rang.

"It's Inspector Weymouth of New Scotland Yard," I told Smith. "He wants you. . . ."



Nayland Smith and I were quickly ready to respond to Inspector Weymouth's urgent summons to the Wapping River Police Station. Peaceful interludes were rare and brief in our pursuit of Fu Manchu.

"It is certainly something important, Patrio," said Smith as we waited for a taxi to pull up, "and it is probably ghastly if Fu Manchu is at the bottom of it." At the police station we were taken immediately to Inspector Weymouth. Greeting us briefly, he nodded toward a long table still form.

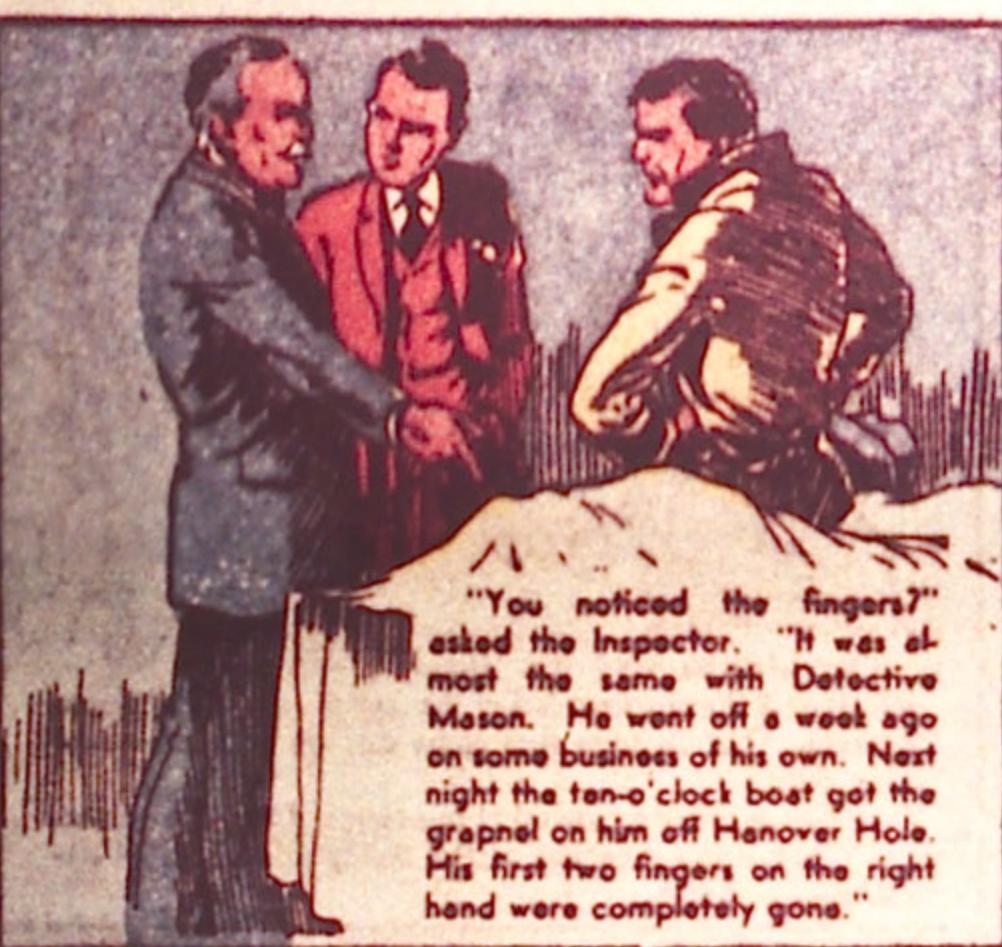


"Poor Cadby!" Weymouth said, his usually gruff voice softened. "He was one of the most promising detectives at Scotland Yard."

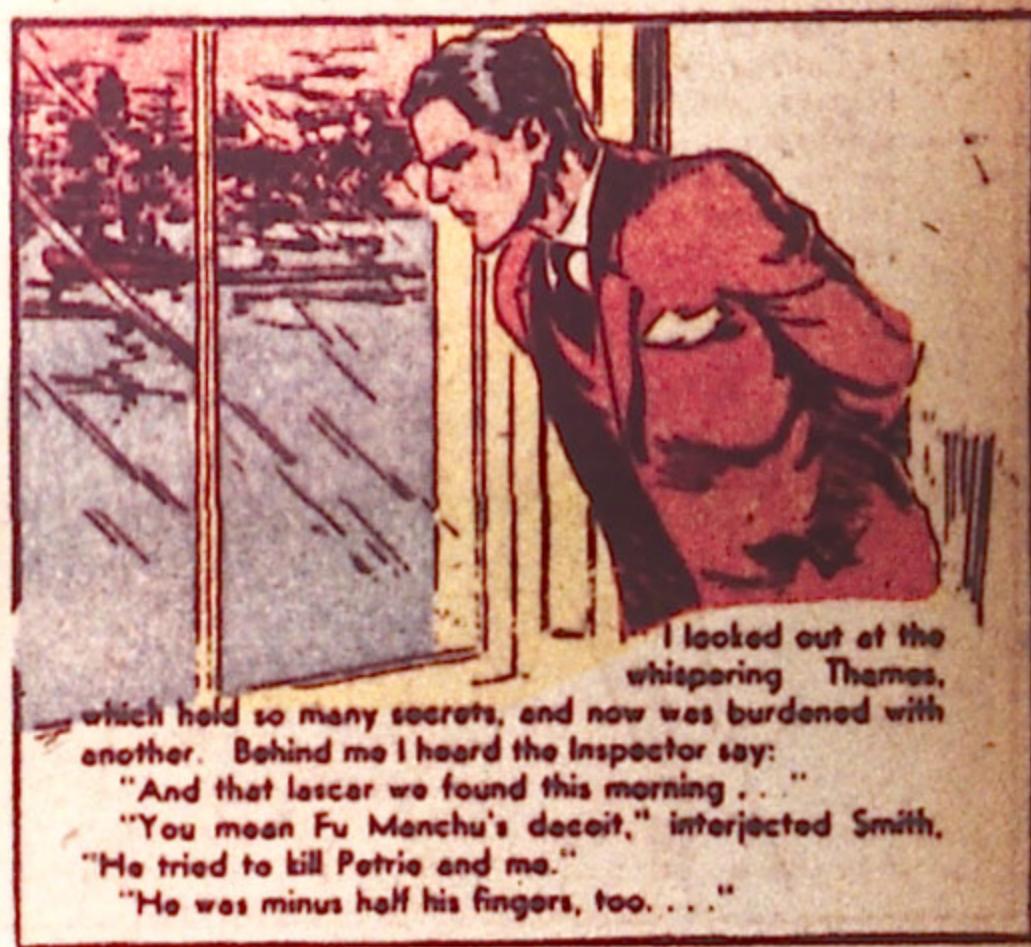
"Fu Manchu!" half-whispered Smith.

"Look!" I cried in horror.

Three fingers of the left hand were missing.



"You noticed the fingers?" asked the Inspector. "It was almost the same with Detective Mason. He went off a week ago on some business of his own. Next night the ten-o'clock boat got the grapnel on him off Hanover Hole. His first two fingers on the right hand were completely gone."



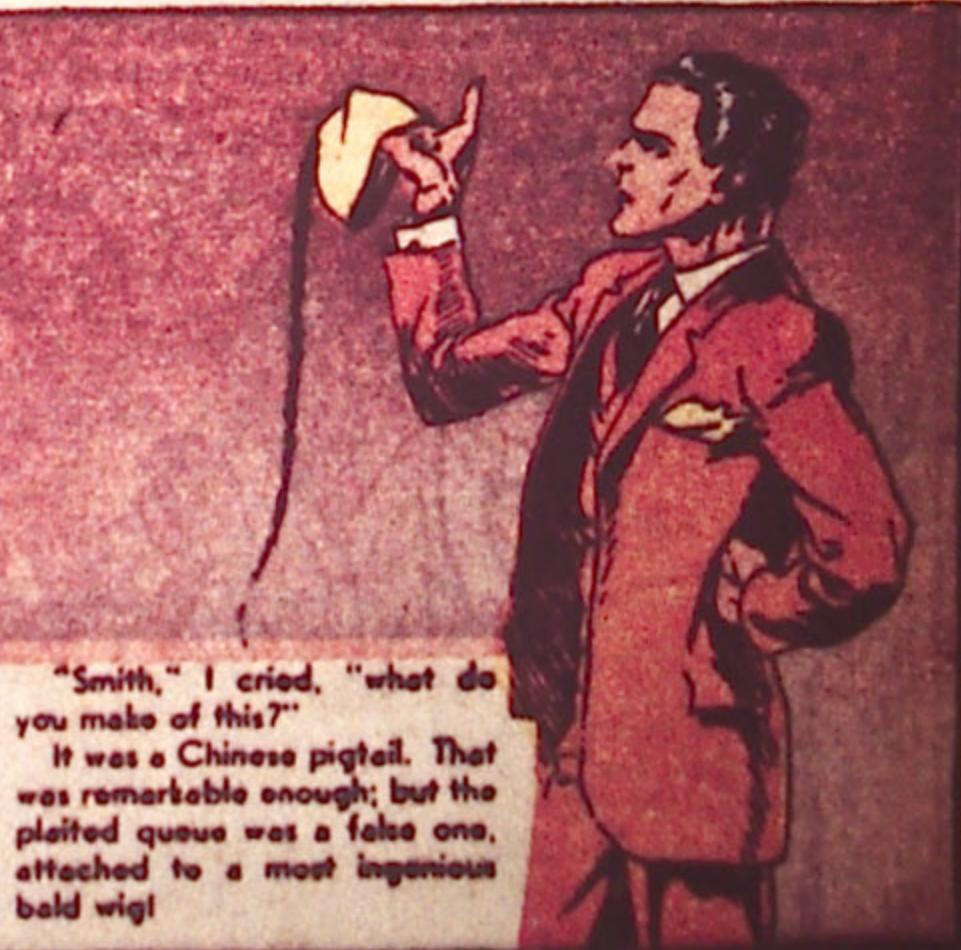
I looked out at the whispering Thames, which held so many secrets, and now was burdened with another. Behind me I heard the Inspector say:

"And that lascar we found this morning . . ."

"You mean Fu Manchu's decoit," interjected Smith. "He tried to kill Patrio and me."

"He was minus half his fingers, too. . . ."

Smith strode up and down the neat little room. I turned to the array of objects found in Detective Cadby's clothing. None of them was noteworthy except that which had been found thrust into the loose neck of the shirt—and had led the police to send for Nayland Smith because the clue pointed to Fu Manchu.



"Smith," I cried, "what do you make of this?"

It was a Chinese pigtale. That was remarkable enough; but the plaited queue was a false one, attached to a most ingenious bald wig!

"It wasn't part of Cadby's disguise!" Nayland Smith snapped, in reply to Inspector Weymouth's suggestion that the detective had worn the false pigtail. "It's too small by inches. This thing was made for a most abnormal head."



"Then we know that Cadby was hot on the trail of the Fu Manchu group in the Ratcliff Highway neighborhood last night," Smith summed up. "Mason probably blundered on the same scent and met a similar fate. They almost succeeded where we failed, Petrie...."



Inspector Weymouth handed Nayland Smith Cadby's keys and a card with the detective's address, after telling us where to find Cadby's case-book. "We haven't a second to waste, Petrie," Smith said. "Fu Manchu wants those records, too!"



"Where did you find Cadby?" Smith asked the Inspector.

"Limehouse Reach—under Commercial Dock, exactly an hour ago," he replied, and added that Cadby had been on some mission in the Ratcliff Highway section on the previous evening. "He died from drowning, yet he was a good swimmer. So was the other victim, Mason."



"Fu Manchu had the decoit killed, and these men died in the same way," Smith concluded. "Let us hope that some day we shall know how they died."

I was aghast and puzzled at this series of hideous crimes. "What is the meaning of the mutilated hands?" I demanded of Smith.

But we had ridden only a few hundred yards along Wapping High Street when Smith called to the driver: "Stop! Stop!" He seized the door-handle as the cab slowed down. "We must have it, Petrie," he cried. "I have left it behind. That pigtail!"





At the cab door Smith handed me Weymouth's card. "Don't wait for me," he directed hurriedly. "Remember Weymouth said the book was in the cupboard. It's all we want. Meet me at Scotland Yard."

Cadby's case-book, with its damning evidence, was it already in Fu Manchu's hands? "Do you think Fu Manchu is going to leave dynamite like that lying around?" Smith had argued. "It's a thousand to one he has the book already, but there is just a bare chance . . ."

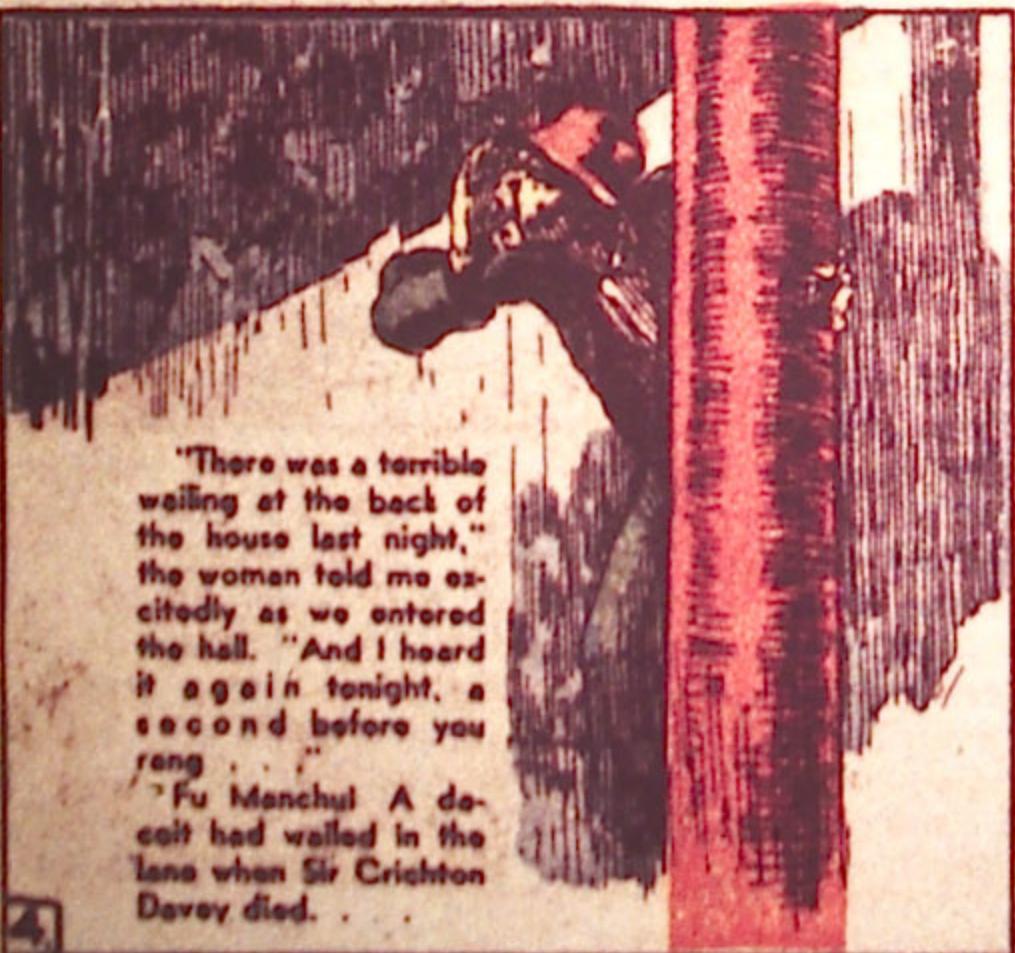


With the remorseless memories of Fu Manchu's murders harrowing my mind, I reached the house of his latest victim. The shadow of that giant evil seemed to lie upon it like a palpable cloud. I ran up the steps and rang the bell . . .



Cadby's landlady greeted me with a queer mixture of fear and embarrassment. "I am Dr. Patria," I said, "and I have bad news about your lodger, Mr. Cadby."

"Oh the poor, brave lad!" she exclaimed.



"There was a terrible wailing at the back of the house last night," the woman told me excitedly as we entered the hall. "And I heard it again tonight, a second before you rang . . ."

"Fu Manchu! A doctor had wailed in the lane when Sir Crichton Davey died . . ."



I told the old lady what I considered necessary about Cadby's death, and presently, to my astonishment, her grief was lost in embarrassment. Then the truth came out!

She pointed shakily up the stairs, and stammered: "There's a young lady—in his rooms, sir!"

Continued

THE CRIME IN STONE

By

Paul Dean

THE phone on Captain Burey's desk in Police Headquarters rang and the heavy-set Captain swung around in his chair and lifted the receiver.

"Hello," he said and then paused, listening carefully. "Murdered? Where did you pick it up?"

Burey was silent again as he digested the conversation coming to him over the wire. Then with a gruff "Okay" he hung up and turned to Detective Fox, who slouched in a chair on the opposite side of the desk, his feet comfortably perched on the waste-paper basket.

"Well, Charlie, it looks as if you're going to be kept busy for the next few weeks," the Captain said, lighting a huge cigar. "They fished out Nick Ferroni's body from the river last night. Things seem to point towards another gang war; this is the second muscogent they've located at the bottom of the river. Last week it was 'Happy' Mosco."

The detective got up from the chair and lazily stretched himself. "I suppose I ought to be thankful that these murders keep happen-

ing. They keep me busy and out of trouble and at least I'm sure of getting my weekly pay check. Where is Nick's body now?"

"Down at the 23rd Precinct," the Captain replied. "You better run down and take a peek at it. And at the same time put your thinking cap on and try to solve this little mystery . . . after all, you're supposed to be a detective!"

"That compliment sounds right nice coming from you, Captain," Fox smiled, walking towards the door. "But don't worry that bald head of yours about the mystery angle of this case . . . I'll have the whole thing solved and cleared up within twenty four hours. Just wait and see!"

"If I wait that long I'll be an old man with a long white beard!" the Captain answered sourly and Fox closed the door behind him as he left the office.

He leaped into his small roadster and hurried across the bridge to the 23rd Precinct which was located down near the waterfront. The place was buzzing with excitement and both the patrolmen and the higher officers seemed to think that this killing and the one of the previous week indicated another bloody period of gang murders and racket feuds.

"Where's the body?" asked Fox and one of the officers pointed toward the back room. Fox went in and saw a group of men gathered around a white oblong block of concrete. Part of the stone had been chipped off and at one end Fox could see the two feet and one arm of a man protruding. At the other end was the man's face, with thick black hair and a dark, swarthy complexion.

"How long was it in the river?" Fox asked.

"About 20 hours," someone replied. "Must have been dumped there during the early hours of the evening."

"Any clue that might show where it came from or who might be connected with it?"

"We didn't look for any," one of the officers answered. "It could have been made at any one of these engineering and building factories. They all have concrete mixers and pourers and they all use the same type of mixing material."



"Maybe we could find out just where the block was poured and hardened?" suggested Fox.

"That'd be a waste of time," he was told. "They've been having so much labor and union trouble down here that they'd deny being connected with it at all."

Fox rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Union trouble and racket-

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ers often times went hand in hand. And there was no doubt that Nick Ferroni was a racketeer of the first water, with a record of assault and murder that would make your blood run cold.

While the other officers talked over the various theories and solutions, Fox made a careful study of the concrete block. And down in the corner of the man-made stone he found what he had been searching for: the trade-mark of the company where the block had



been cast. Faintly but still readable he could see the letters SPADO ENGINEERING CO.

"Spado Company?" he murmured to himself. "If I'm not mistaken, that's right down the street. I think I'll stroll down and take a peek at the place."

HE left the police station and walked toward the river. The Spado Company was located almost at the water's edge, in a low rambling building that housed an assortment of concrete mixers, pourers and other engineering machines.

He mounted the steps and entered the small office. It was deserted but a door across the room marked "Private" aroused his curiosity. He walked over and slowly opened the door. It swung back with a creak and a man who had been kneeling at a safe in a corner of the room, leaped to his feet and in his hand he held a nasty-looking

automatic.

"Talk fast, mister!" the man snarled, leveling the weapon at the detective. "What is your business? Can't you read that sign on the door?"

Fox remained imperturbable but his mind worked with the rapidity of light, seeking the right path that would lead to the solution of the racketeer's murder.

"You're Mr. Spado?" he asked quietly.

"And what if I am?" the man shot back.

"Just this," the detective replied, lighting a cigarette and calmly extinguishing the flame in a cloud of smoke, "I represent the Mid-West Engineering Society and I've been sent on here to contribute to the person or company who was responsible for the riddance of Nick Ferroni!"

This was a long shot in the dark and he paused to see what the reaction would be. He knew that Ferroni and his mobsters had been preying on the members of the Mid-West Engineering Society several years ago, just as he had been doing recently with Spado and his fellow engineers.

Spado's eyes narrowed. "What was the contribution?"

"\$5000 for the elimination of Ferroni! That's what the agreement was."

Beads of perspiration stood out on Spado's forehead and the muscle in his jaw moved rhythmically. "Well, you don't have to look any further. I killed Ferroni! I had to; he and his men had been bleeding me for almost a year. Protection money and dues for an organization that he controlled . . . another few weeks and I would have been bankrupt. I took the surest steps to stop him . . . I killed him!"

"That's all I want to know," said Fox, sitting down at the desk. "I'm sure the Mid-West Society will be satisfied with the report I give them. If you'll put that gun away and sign this statement I'll have the money sent you the first thing in the morning."

Spado lowered the automatic and sank into a chair. Fox, at that instant, leaped at the murderer and in a flash, snapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.



"Much as I despised Ferroni and his racketeering methods," said Fox prodding the cursing Spado toward the door, "there was still no justification for murdering him. You should have appealed to the police for protection rather than take the law in your own hands. And when you did decide to do away with Ferroni, you should have made sure to take your trade-mark off the concrete block. By leaving it on, you practically told us that you had committed the crime!"

THE END

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and the

Song of Death

YES, I'VE SURE MESSED THINGS UP SO FAR. HERE I PROMISED RENICK TO CLEAR UP THE MURDER OF HIS TWO SINGERS SOME CAN'T OPEN HIS FROLICS AND, ALL I'VE DONE IS SOCK THE KNIFE THROWER AND MAKE A TOUGH ENEMY AND ANTAGONIZED JOHNNY PURVIS THE PROP BOY. I'M MAKING IT INFILLY TOUGH FOR MYSELF.

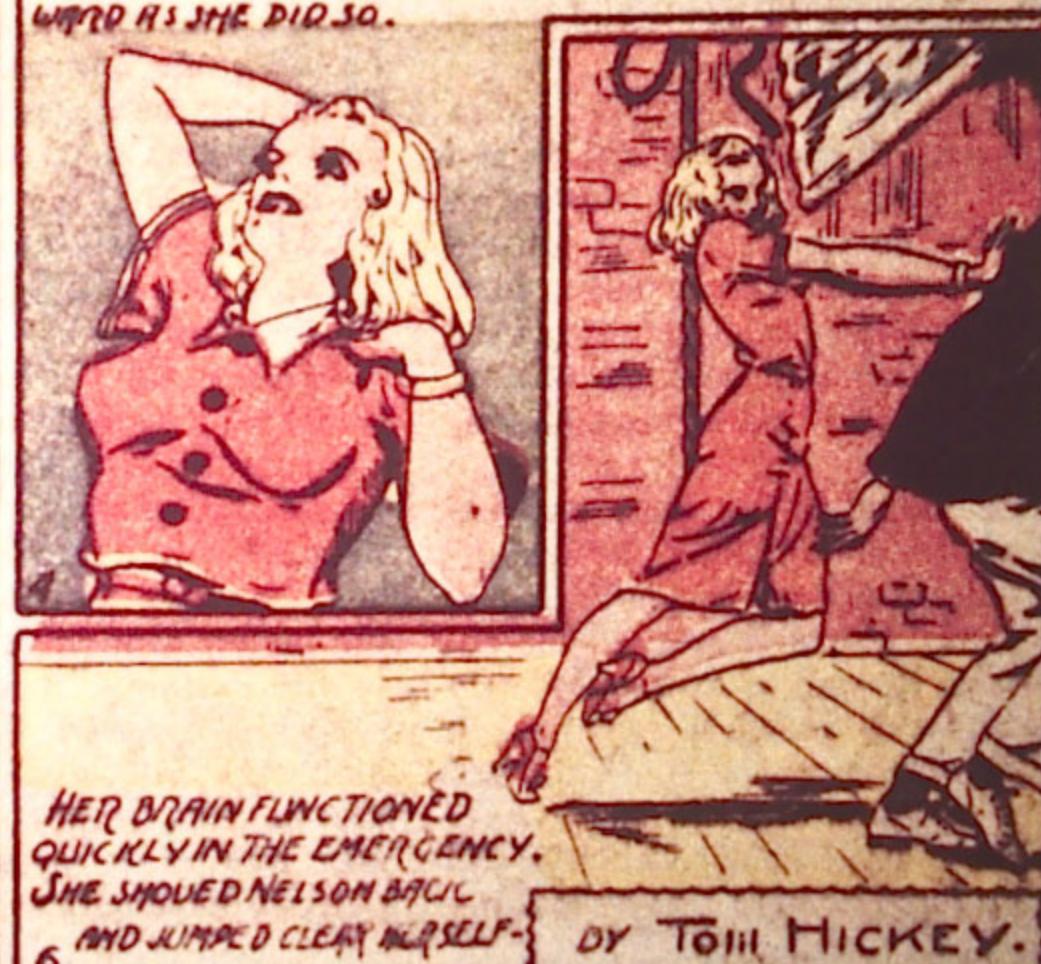
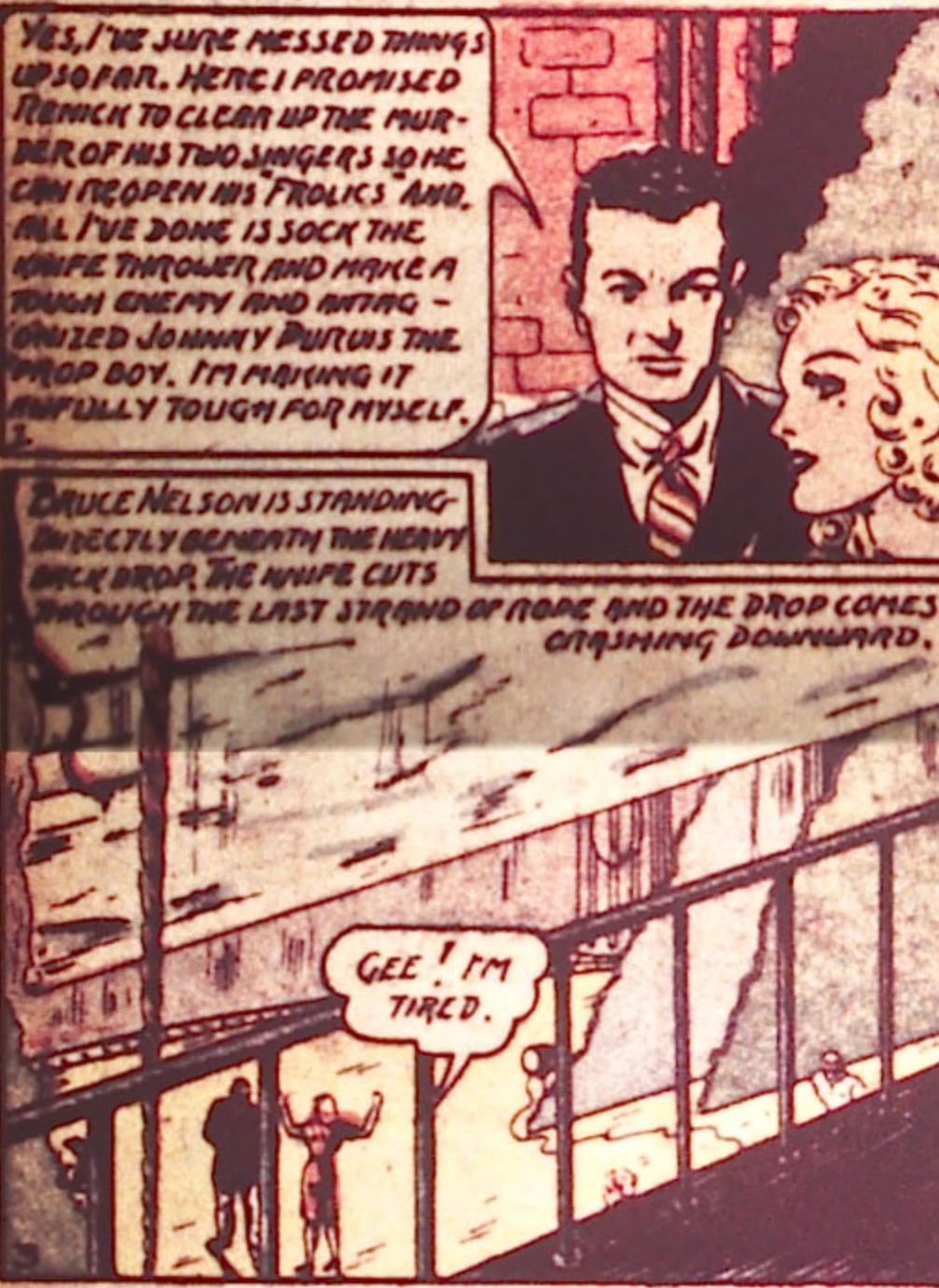
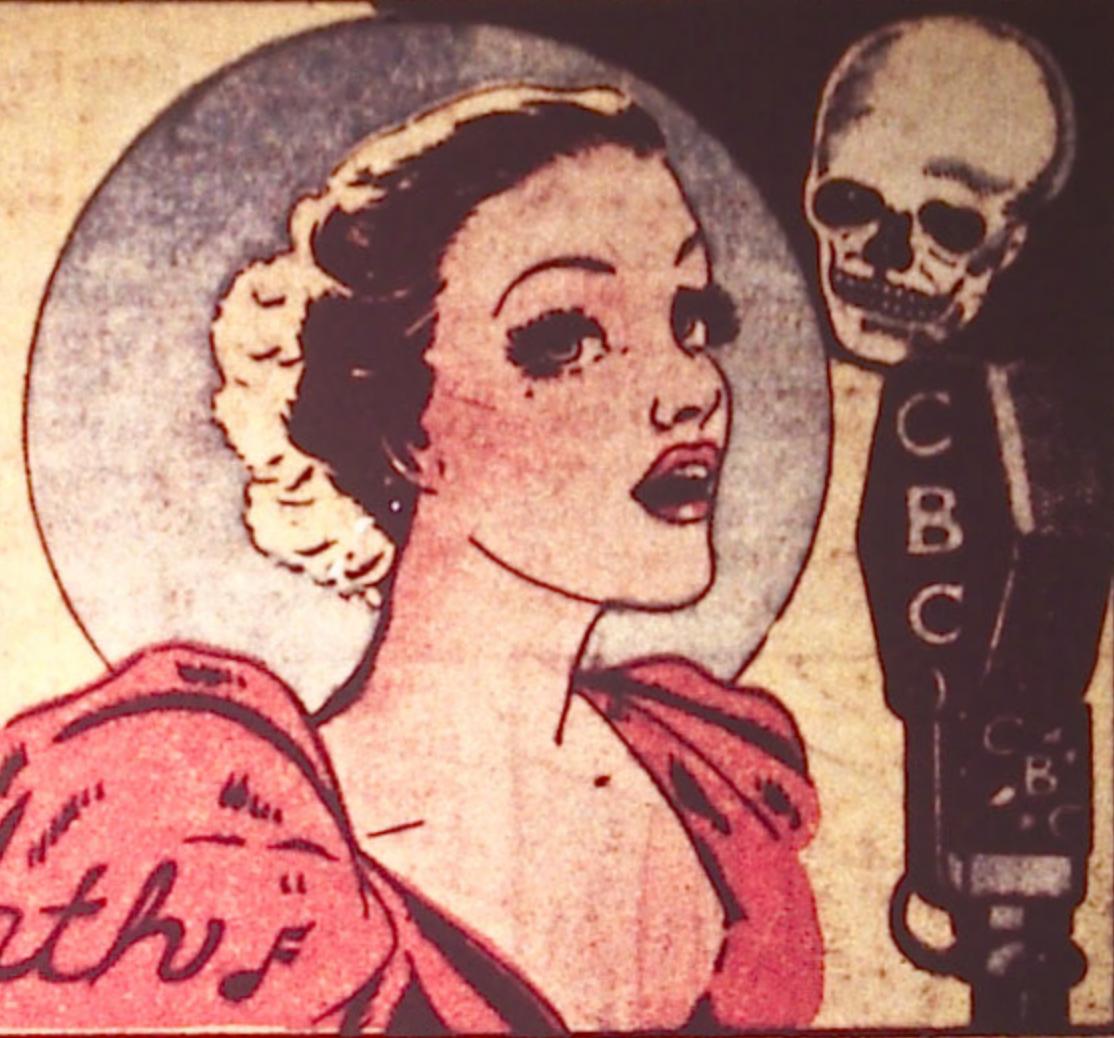
BRUCE NELSON IS STANDING DIRECTLY beneath THE HEAVY BACK DROP. THE WHIPE CUTS THROUGH THE LAST STRAND OF ROPE AND THE DROP COMES CRASHING DOWNWARD.

MEANWHILE OFF IN THE REAR OF THE STAGE A WHIP KNIFE CUTS THROUGH THE ROPE HOLDING ONE OF THE HEAVY BACK DROPS. . . .

BILLIE BRYSON YAWNED AND STRETCHED. GLANCING UP, WITDHSHE DID SO.

HER BRAIN FUNCTIONED QUICKLY IN THE EMERGENCY.
SHE SHOVED NELSON BACK
AND JUMPED CLEAR ALONE-

6 BY TOM HICKEY.



SHE WAS JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME AS THE HEAVY CURTAIN CRASHED DOWN INCHES AWAY.

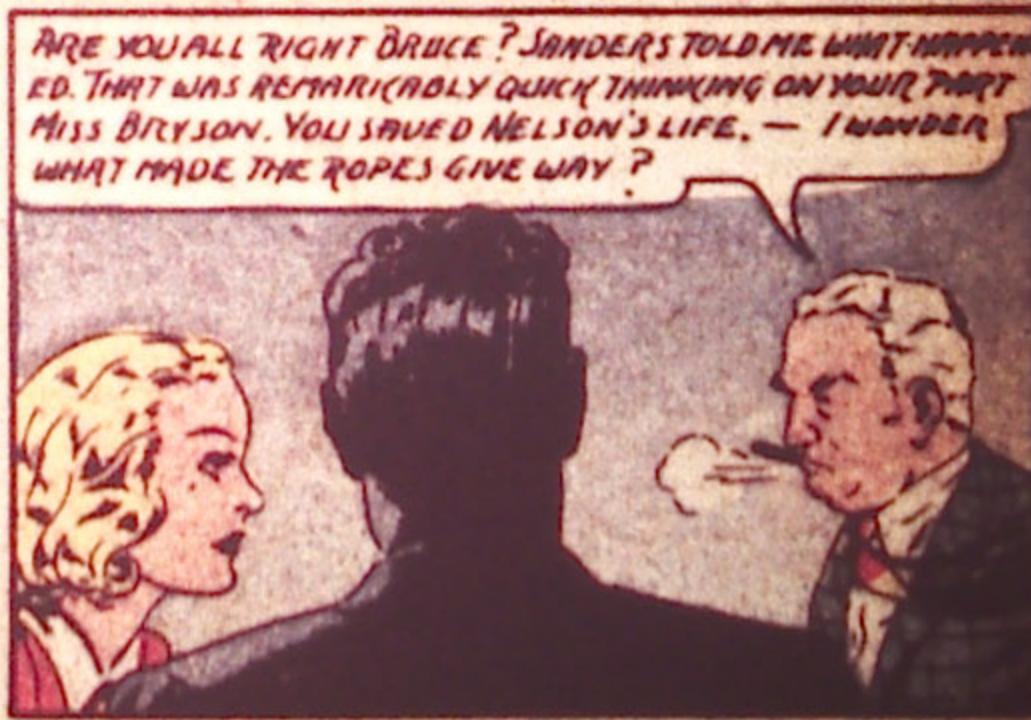


THANKS BILLIE. YOU SURE SAVED ME AN AWFUL DENT IN THE SKULL.

THINK NOTHING OF IT. MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL REGRET IT.



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT BRUCE? SANDERS TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED. THAT WAS REMARKABLY QUICK THINKING ON YOUR PART MISS BIRYSON. YOU SAVED NELSON'S LIFE. — I WONDER WHAT MADE THE ROPES GIVE WAY?



I DON'T THINK THE ROPES GAVE WAY PRETTY.

WHAT? — YOU MEAN YOU THINK SOMEONE SAW YOU STANDING UNDER THE BACK DROP AND TRIED TO BRAIN YOU?



MAYBE. LET'S GO BACK AND TAKE A LOOK.



HMM! LOOK AT THIS. THESE ROPES HAVE BEEN CUT.



BRUCE! I'LL BET ZAMBINI, THE KNIFE THROWER DIDN'T. HE SWORE HE'D GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR THAT PUNCH IN THE JAW.

IT DOES LOOK AS IF THEY'VE BEEN CUT WITH A KNIFE, AND ZAMBINI HAS AN AWFUL TEMPER.



SHALL I GET ZAMOINI?
DO YOU WANT TO QUESTION
HIM?

NO, NOT NOW. I DON'T
THINK IT WAS HE. IT WAS
TOO OBVIOUS.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I BELIEVE THE MURDERER
SAW MY ROW WITH ZAMOINI AND
HEARD HIM THREATEN ME.
HE SAW A CHANCE TO GET ME
OUT OF THE CASE AND THROW
SUSPICION ON ZAMOINI AT
THE SAME TIME BY CUTTING
THOSE SUPPORTING ROPES.

HMM! WHAT'S THAT ON THE FLOOR THERE UNDER THE
ROPES?

IT'S JUST AN ORDINARY STRAIGHT
PIN. YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME
PROVING ANYTHING WITH
THAT.

I WONDER —

RENICK, I THINK I'LL TAKE A
LOOK THRU HOLLY LAWSON'S AND
LOLA MAINE'S DRESSING ROOM.

SURE, I'LL SHOW
YOU TO IT. THEY
BOTH OCCUPIED THE
SAME ONE BEFORE
THEY WERE KILLED.

HERE IT IS. WAIT, I'LL UNLOCK THE DOOR. EVER SINCE
HOLLY LAWSON WAS KILLED I'VE KEPT IT LOCKED SO NOTHING
INSIDE WOULD BE DISTURBED.

HMM! YOU SAY NOTHING HAS
BEEN TOUCHED? WHERE DOES
THAT DOOR LEAD TO?

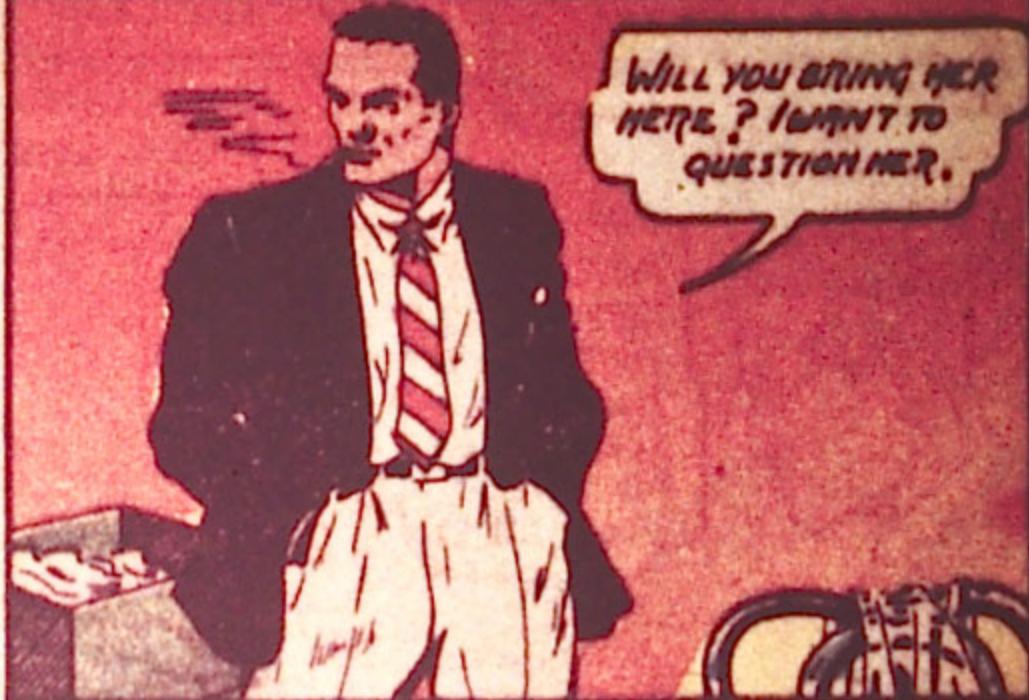
THAT LEADS INTO
THE WARDROBE
DEPARTMENT.

WHO'S IN CHARGE OF THE
WARDROBE DEPARTMENT?

MRS. WARREN IS THE
WARDROBE MISTRESS.

WHO WAS THEIR PERSONAL FRIEND
RENICK?

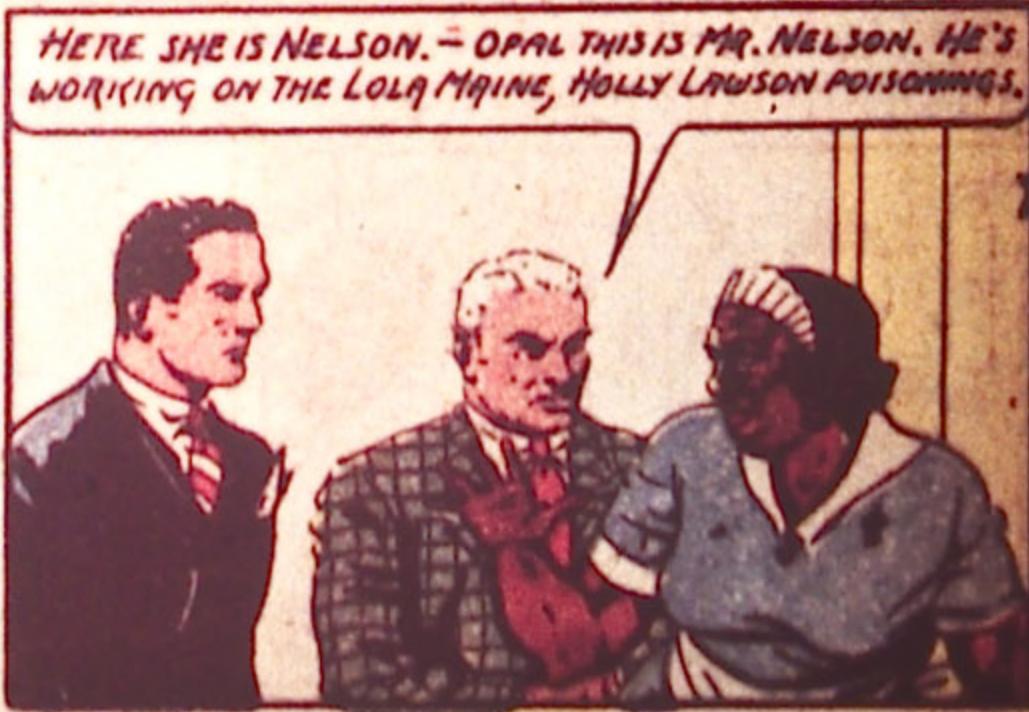
OPAL JACKSON.



WILL YOU BRING HER
HERE? I WANT TO
QUESTION HER.



DA-DE - PLAT FOOT PLOOGIE — WHAT'S THIS THING?
HMM! — MUST BE A THROAT SPRAY — THROAT SPRAY!



HERE SHE IS NELSON. — OPAL THIS IS MR. NELSON. HE'S
WORKING ON THE LOLA MAINE, HOLLY LAWSON POISONINGS.

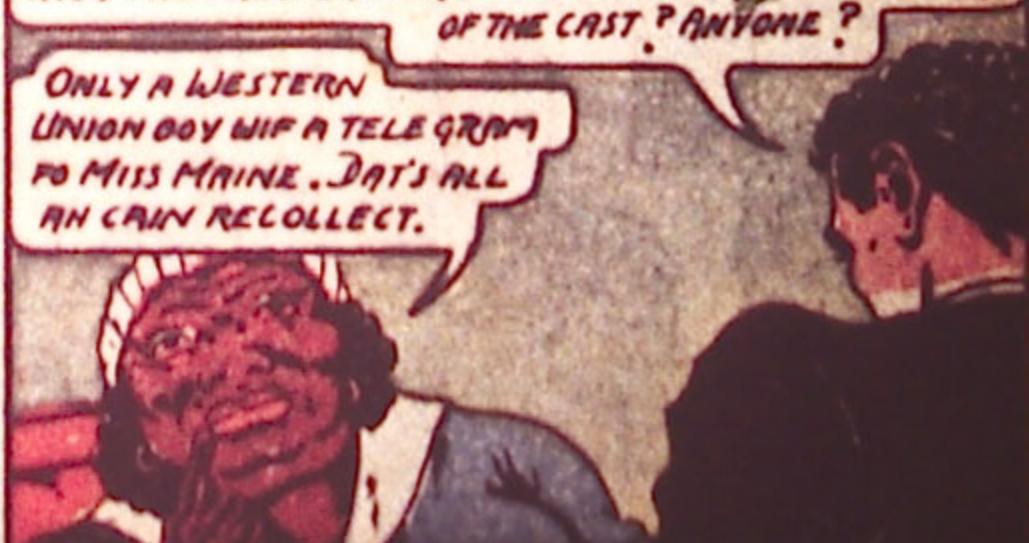


I'M QUITE SURE YOU DIDN'T OPAL. I JUST WANTED
TO ASK A FEW ROUTINE QUESTIONS.

ON THE NIGHTS THAT MISS MAINE AND THEN MISS
LAWSON WERE POISONED THEY BOTH HAD THEIR SUPPER
BROUGHT IN FROM OUTSIDE BY JOHNNY PURVIS, THE
PROPERTY BOY, RIGHT?



YAS SUH!



NOW THINK HARD OPAL. DID ANYONE ENTER THIS ROOM
FROM THE TIME THE SUPPER WAS BROUGHT IN UNTIL
THEY FINISHED EATING. ANY VISITORS? ANY MEMBERS
OF THE CAST? ANYONE?

ONLY A WESTERN
UNION BOY WITH A TELEGRAM
TO MISS MAINE. DAT'S ALL
AH CAN RECOLLECT.

YOU WERE IN THE DRESSING ROOM ALL THAT TIME ?

YASSUM.

THEN THE ONLY ONES THAT HAD ACCESS TO THAT FOOD AFTER IT WAS BROUGHT IN WAS JOHNNY PURVIS AND YOURSELF.

BUT AH DIDN DOIT, MISTAH NELSON, HONEST !
AH SWEARS AH DIDN !

O.K. OPAL, THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. PENICIL, GET MRS. WARREN FOR ME, WILL YOU ?

MRS. WARREN STEPPED IN FROM THE WARDROBE DEPARTMENT.

AFTER NELSON HAD QUESTIONED THE WARDROBE MISTRESS AT SOME LENGTH HIS EYES CAME TO REST ON THE SHOULDER OF HER DRESS.

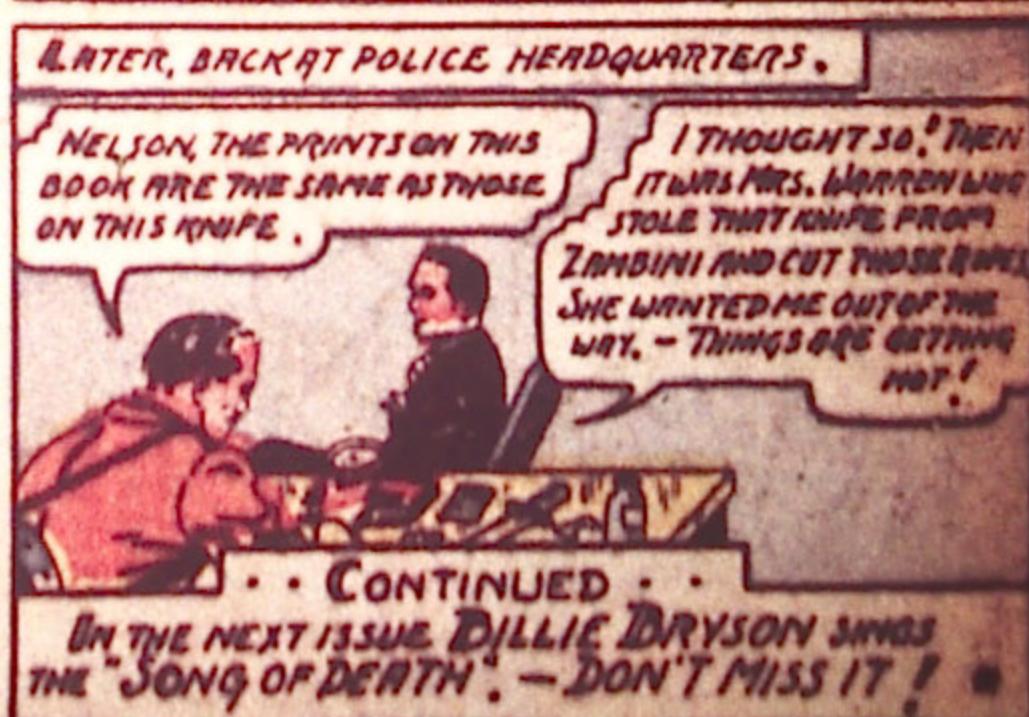
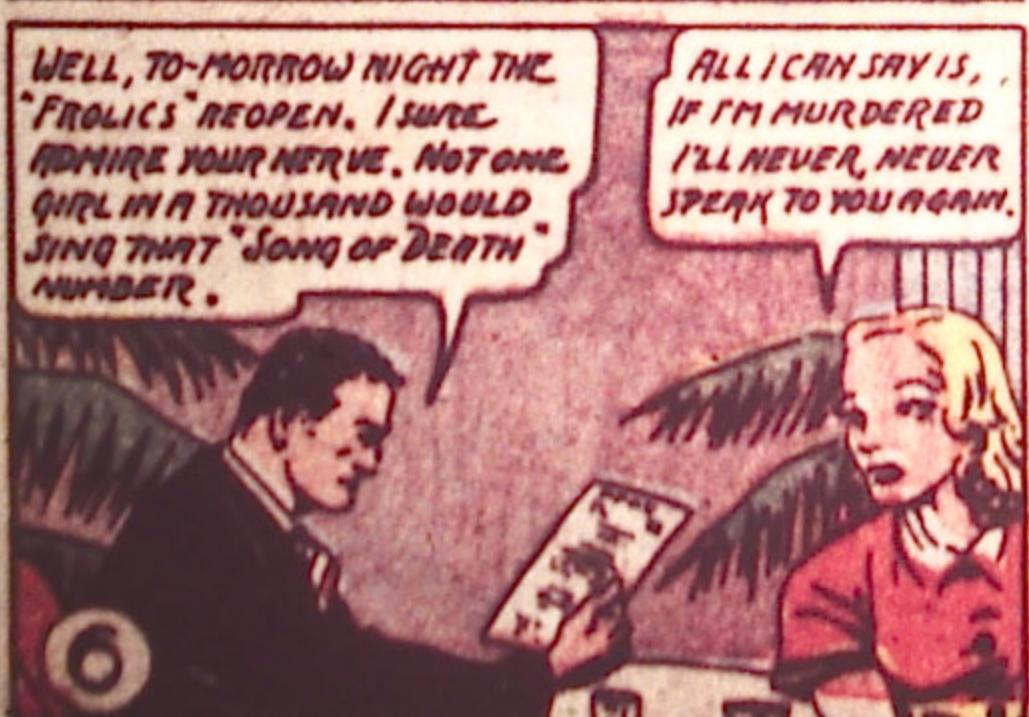
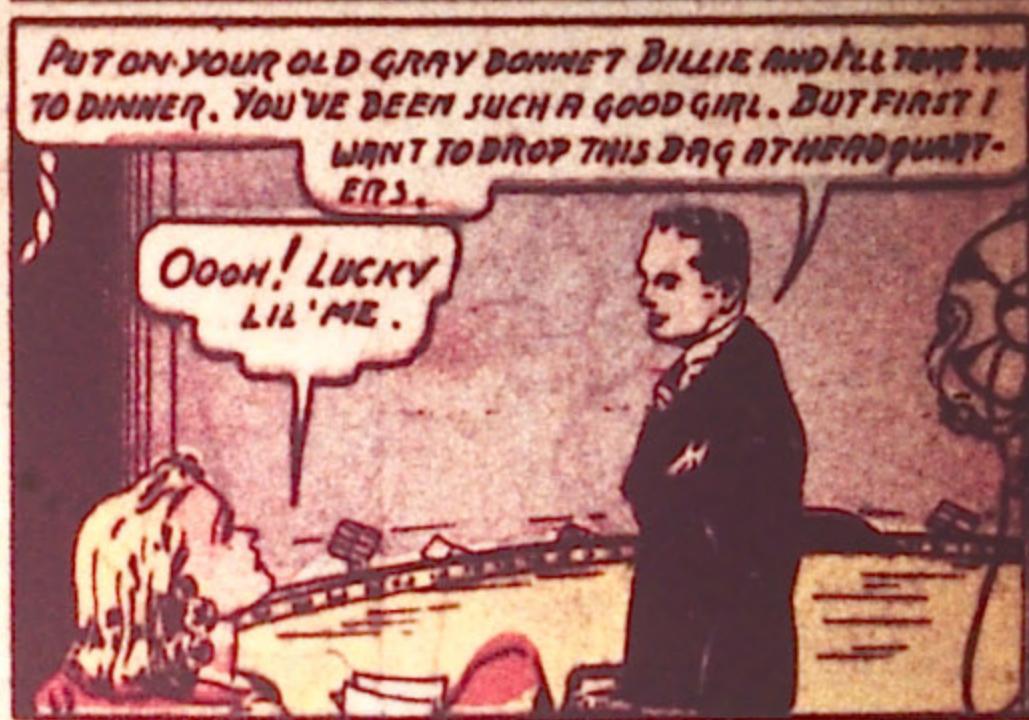
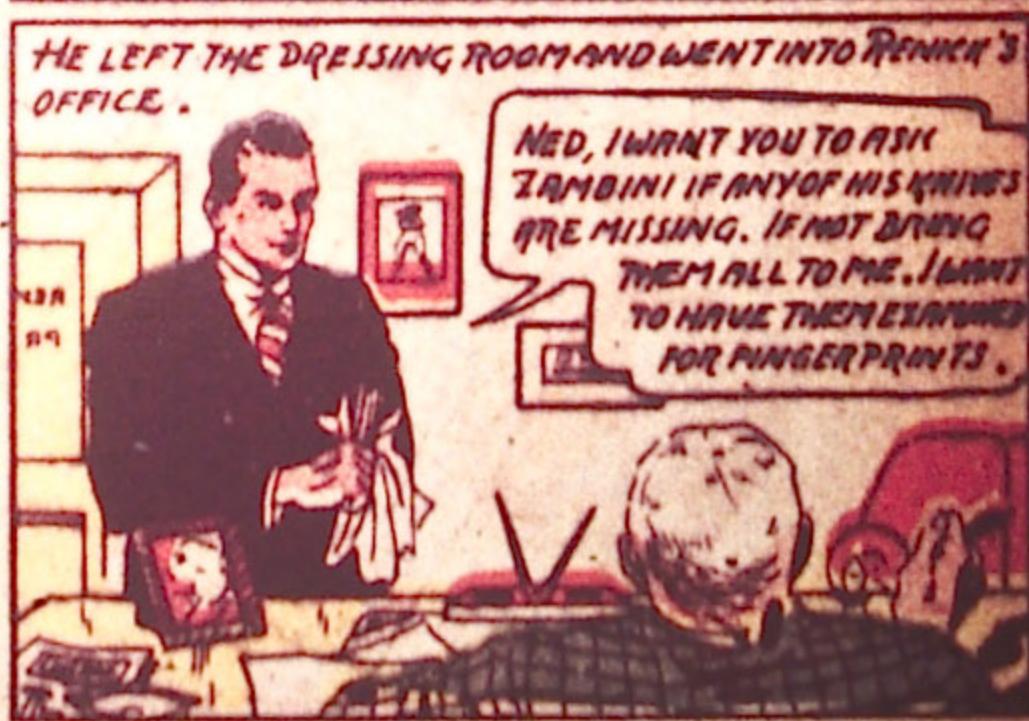
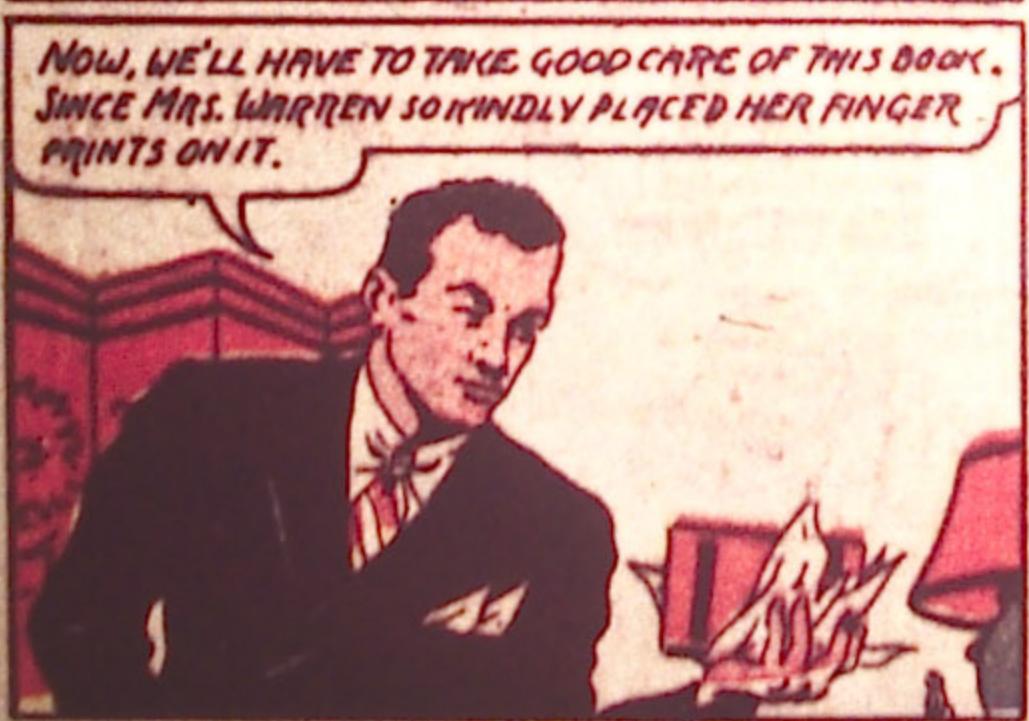
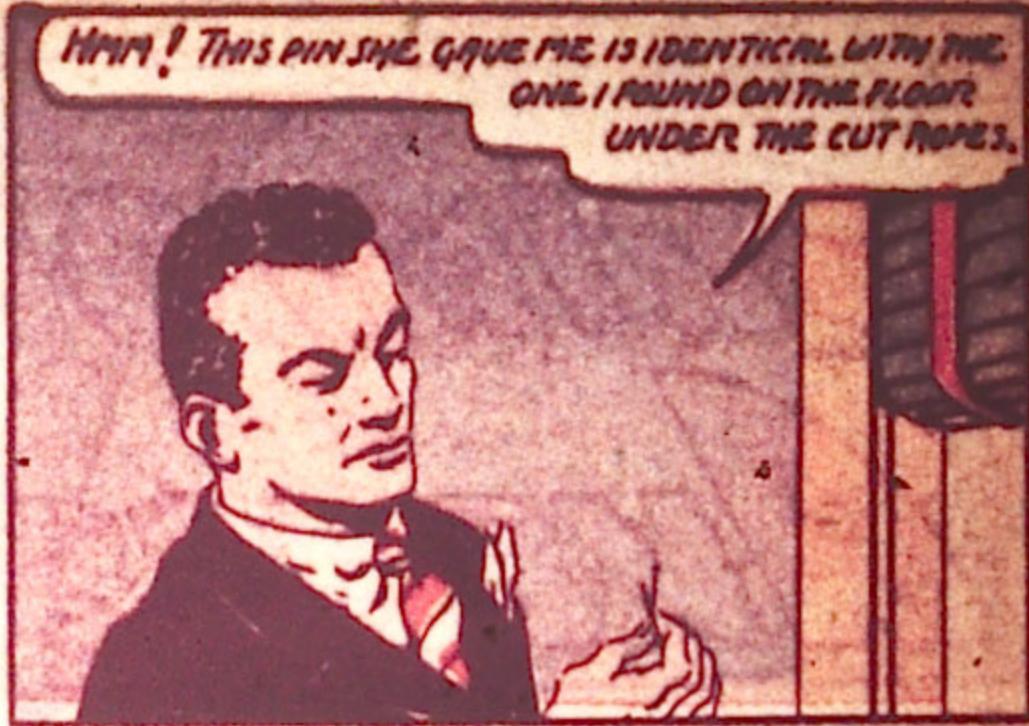
THAT'S QUITE A COLLECTION OF PINS YOU HAVE THERE MRS. WARREN. WHAT DO YOU USE THEM FOR ?

FOR PINNING THE COSTUMES ON THE GIRLS, ADJUSTING THE FITTINGS ETC, I ALWAYS CARRY SEVERAL THERE. IT'S EASIER THAN CARRYING A BOX AROUND.

WARDROBE DEPT'

MAY I HAVE ONE ? I HAVE A TEAR IN MY SHIRT I'D LIKE TO PIN TOGETHER FOR THE TIME BEING.

HERE'S A BOOK I FOUND IN THE DRESSING TABLE.
DO YOU KNOW WHICH ONE OF THE GIRLS IT BELONGED TO ?

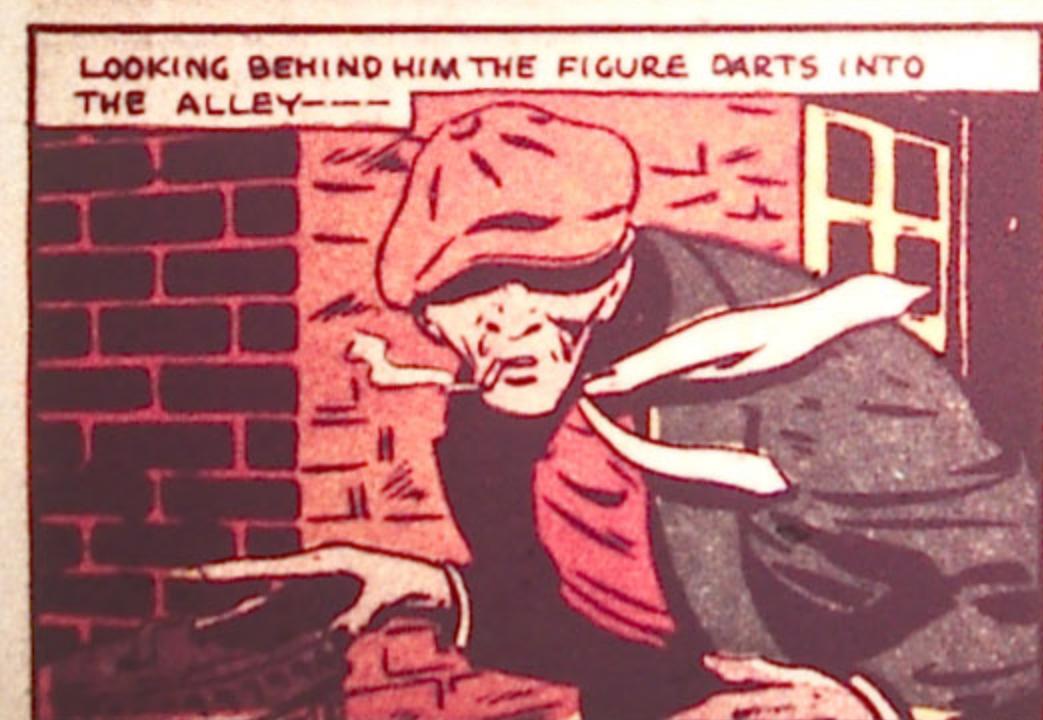


THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES ON THE WORK OF BEFRIDGING THE HELPLESS - KNOWN AS THE CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE LEADER

BY Jim Chambers





WAIT! BEFORE YOU
HAND OVER THAT
MONEY, I WANT TO
CHECK ON SOMETHING.

OK, I'LL KEEP
THIS GUY HERE.

LES MAKES A CALL----

WING? BRING THE CAR,
MASK AND CAPE TO ME
AND WATER STS. IN AN HOUR,
THE CRIMSON RIDES
TONIGHT!

WELL, TO BEGIN WITH---
YOU REMEMBER THE
BIG LAKESVILLE BANK
STICKUP? A GUY NAMED
SLUG PULLED THAT JOB
GOT AWAY WITH \$50,000
IN JEWELS AND BANK NOTES.

Y'SEE HE HAD THE
\$50,000 ON HIS CLOTHES.
SO THE BOYS ARE LOOKIN'
FOR HIM. THEY'RE GONNA
DIG AGAIN TONIGHT.

THAT'S FINE.
MILLER AND
YOU'RE GOIN'
WITH US TO
PROVE IT.

NOW ABOUT A MONTH
AGO THIS SLUG WAS
PICKED OFF IN A GANG
WAR. SO THEY BURIED
HIM AT MT. PLEASANT.
THE POINT IS THEY
BURIED THE SWAG TOO

AW, NO I AIN'T---THEY'D
KILL ME FOR SHOOTIN'
OFF MY MOUTH!

THAT'S SILLY.
WE'LL BE
RIGHT THERE.

UPSETTING THE TABLE MILLER BOLTS THRU
THE DOOR—



WELL, THAT'S THAT! CHARLIE, YOU GO BACK TO THE OFFICE AND HOLD THE FRONT PAGE OPEN. ANN YOU GO ALONG HOME. I'M COVERING THIS ONE MYSELF!

TONY'S

LEE APPROACHES A LONG SLEEK LOOKING CAR

EVERYTHING IN READINESS, MR. TRAVIS. WING ALSO CATCH BRASH YOUNG MAN WHO RUN AWAY.

GOOD WORK, WING! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST.

YES, MILLER, I OVERHEARD WHAT YOU SAID IN THE RESTAURANT. YOU AND I ARE PAYING A VISIT TO THE GRAVE ROBBERS!

THE CRIMSON!

AS THE CAR SPEEDS THRU THE STREETS, A POLICE CAR GIVES CHASE

STEP ON IT! THEY'RE GAINING!

AT 70 MILES AN HOUR, MILLER LEAPS FROM THE CAR

Poor devil I'll get
out here. Will you
take the car back
home.

MEANWHILE IN THE GRAVE YARD —

WISH WE KNEW WHAT
SLUG'S LAST NAME
WAS.

I GUESS THE
\$50,000 IS WORTH
THE TROUBLE.

HERE'S ONE THAT SAYS
KENNEDY - THAT'S A
GOOD ONE FOR TONIGHT!

YEAH! OK!

THE CRIMSON LISTENS TO THE CONVERSATION
AS THE MEN DIG —

ALRIGHT YOU MEN
THROW YOUR GUNS
UP HERE AND CLIMB
OUT OF THERE.

THE CRIMSON!

NOW TAKE THIS!

OH, THAT GAS!
I CAN'T —

YOU'LL MAKE FINE
LOOKING PACKAGES
FOR THE POLICE!

TWO SQUAD CARS FULL UP OUTSIDE THE CEMETERY—

HE WENT IN HERE!
SPREAD OUT MEN!

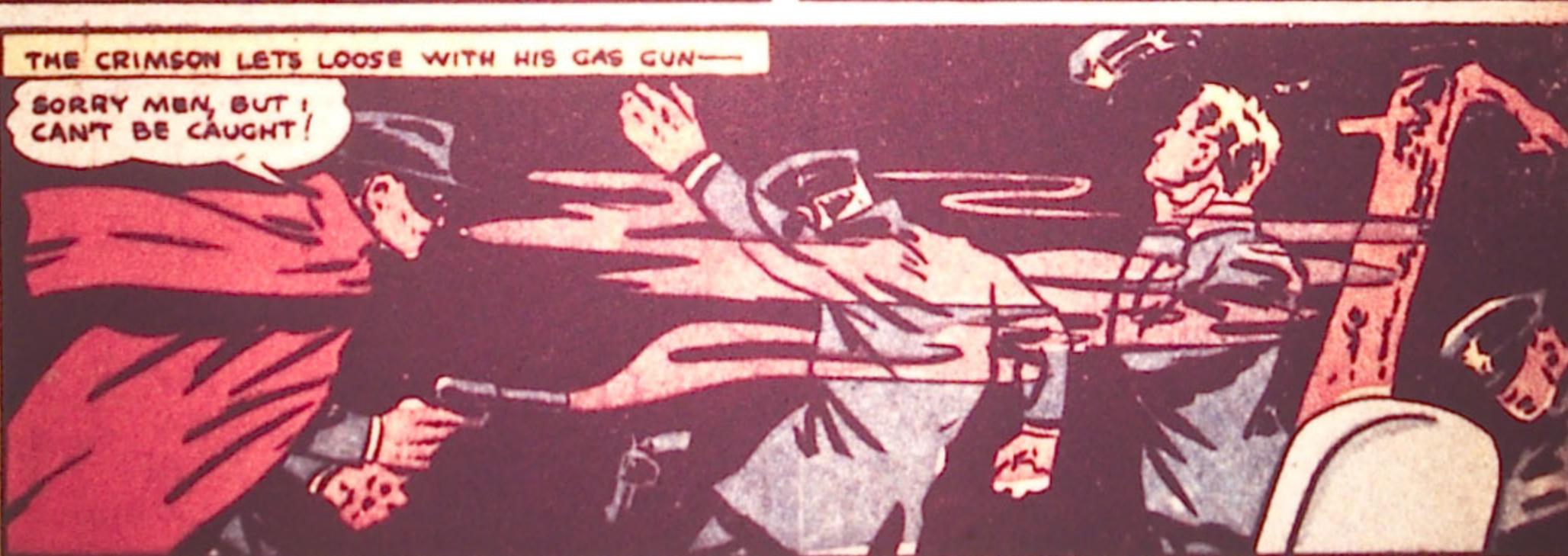


HERE THEY ARE MEN
AND IT'S THE CRIMSON
TOO, BY GEORGE!



THE CRIMSON LETS LOOSE WITH HIS GAS GUN—

SORRY MEN, BUT I
CAN'T BE CAUGHT!



ONE OF THE WAITING CARS GIVES CHASE—



FLEET OF FOOT, THE CRIMSON SOON OUT
DISTANCES THEM AND LEAPS A WALL TO
SAFETY—



LOOK, JOHNNY, THOSE THREE
MEN ARE THE KILLERS WHO
ESCAPED AFTER THAT BANK JOB!
I WONDER IF THE CRIMSON—

YEAH, I WONDER
TOO. ANYHOW THIS
CLEAR'S UP THE
GRAVE ROBBINGS



DO THE
POLICE
SUSPECT THE
CRIMSON OF
BEING A
GANG LEADER?
CAN HE BE
CAUGHT?
WHAT WILL
HAPPEN
WHEN HE
TRIES TO
BREAK THE
GRAFT KING?
SEE THE
NEXT ISSUE!

STEVE MALONE

DISTRICT
ATTORNEY

NOW THAT YOU'VE SMASHED THE FERRINI GANG, STEVE, YOU OWE YOURSELF A VACATION

I'VE BEEN THINKING THE SAME THING MYSELF, JEANNE. I THINK I'LL HIE TO THE COUNTRY FOR AWHILE.



PHONE, STEVE ... NOW DON'T FORGET ABOUT THE VACATION

YES, THIS IS STEVE MALONE. WHAT, I CAN FIND JIM'S BODY FLOATING IN THE RIVER - WHO IS THIS - HELLO....

WHAT IS IT, STEVE ? YOUR SHAKING !

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO JIM I FEAR HE'S DEAD

NOT 'BIG JIM, THE RUSSIAN, WHO HELPED YOU SMASH THE FERRINI GANG ?

THE SAME... BUT IF THERE'S ANY POSSIBLE WAY OF JIM'S BEING SAVED.. I'M GOING TO DO IT LETS GO

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, JEANNE. WE MUST FIND JIM



THIS DESERTED STRETCH IS THE MOST LOGICAL SPOT FOR THOSE RATS TO DO THEIR DIRTY WORK

STEVE, LOOK OVER THERE !

SHOT AND FLUNG INTO THE RIVER FOR DEAD, BIG JIM BORN CONSCIOUSLY REACHES A LOG.



YOU'RE RIGHT
IT'S JIM!



STE-VE--FERRINI--RE-VENGE--TOOK ME--BROWN
HOUSE--PELL STREET--OPIUM DEN--CAREFUL

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS AGAIN! GET HIM TO
A HOSPITAL QUICK, JEANNE, AND
STAY WITH HIM TILL YOU HEAR
FROM ME! I'LL TRY TO GET A TAXI.

TO PELL STREET - HURRY!



INSIDE THE TAXI STEVE PROCEEDED TO
DISHEVEL HIS CLOTHES IN AN
EFFECT TO DISGUISE HIMSELF
AS A DERELICT.

SAY, BUDDY, WOULD A COUPLA DOLLARS
GET ME A LIL' OPIUM? WADDYA SAY,
EH PAL?

MESSE. YOU COME IN
ME FIXUM UP



HERE'S PIPE...
FIVE DOLLARS

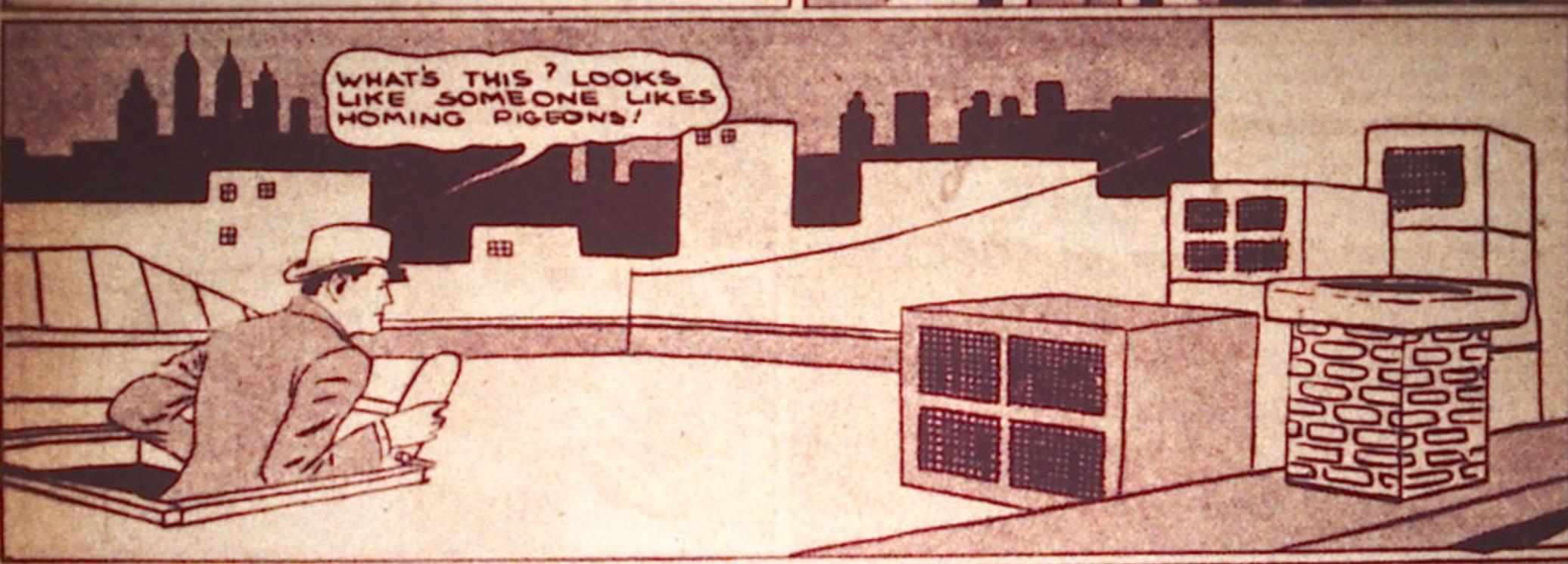
TANKS PAL!



THE CHINK, HAVING LEFT THE DEN,
STEVE DETERMINES TO EXPLORE
THE HOUSE.



WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS
LIKE SOMEONE LIKES
HOMING PIGEONS!



SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S
COMING! I BETTER MAKE
MYSELF SCARGE!



WHAT'S DA MATTER WID DAT
PIGEON. IT SHOULD BE HERE
BY NOW...



SO YOU COME HOME, EH? NICE LITTLE PACKAGE YU GOT... SUPPOSE WE GO DOWN STAIRS?

I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO? MAYBE THIS SKYLIGHT WILL TELL ME SOMETHING!

I WONDER HOW DA FISHES LIKE DAT BIG RUSSIAN? HE OUGHT TO BE PLENTY DEAD BY NOW!

MAYBE IF FERRINI DIDN'T GO AROUND STICKING UP BANKS AND STUCK TA PEDDLING DOPE HE WOULD BE FREE TO-DAY!

A COUPLA GRAND A WEEK AINT A BAD HAUL AND DA PIGEONS TAKE ALL DA RISK! HA, HA!

FERRINI WILL REST EASIER UP IN DA STIR WHEN HE HEARS DAT GOOD NEWS!

WHAT MALONE SEES IN THE ROOM BELOW

SO THAT'S IT! USING PIGEONS TO SMUGGLE DOPE. NOW TO FIND OUT WHERE IT COMES FROM...

HEY, COKEY, GO UP STAIRS AND BRING DOWN A'. DA PIGEONS TO DA SPEED-BOAT. WERE BRINGING DEM OUT TO DA SHIP

AS THE SMUGGLER TAKES THE LAST CRATE, STEVE NOISELESSLY FOLLOWS.

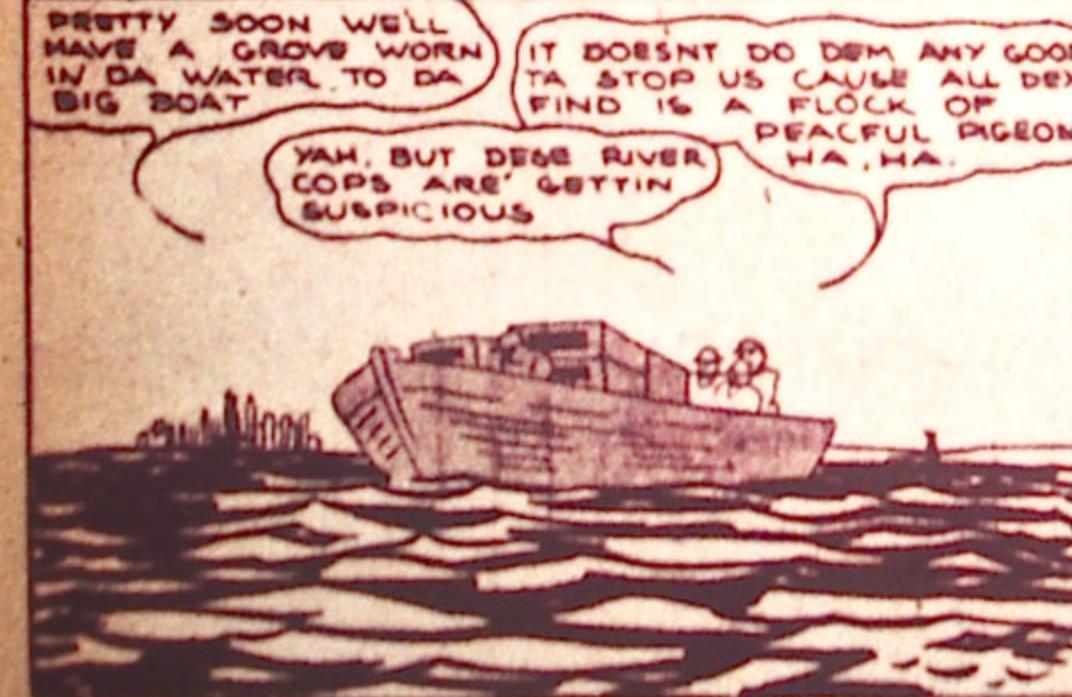
IT'S A TRAP DOOR AND HE'S LOWERING THE CRATES DOWN TO A BOAT!



STEVE BIDES HIS TIME THEN RAISES THE TRAP-DOOR AND CONCEALS HIMSELF IN THE BOAT



AFTER A SHORT WAIT STEVE IS REWARDED BY THE APPROACH OF THE SMUGGLERS.



PRETTY SOON WE'LL HAVE A GROVE WORN IN DA WATER TO DA BIG BOAT

YAH, BUT DESE RIVER COPS ARE' GETTIN SUSPICIOUS

IT DOESNT DO DEM ANY GOOD TA STOP US CAUSE ALL DEY FIND IS A FLOCK OF PEACEFUL PIGEONS HA, HA.



HEAVE TO, WE'RE COMING ABOARD

WELL, LET THEM LOOK. YA CAN'T GET PINCHED FOR TAKING YOUR PIGEONS FOR A RIDE

IT'S DOSE BLASTED COPS AGAIN



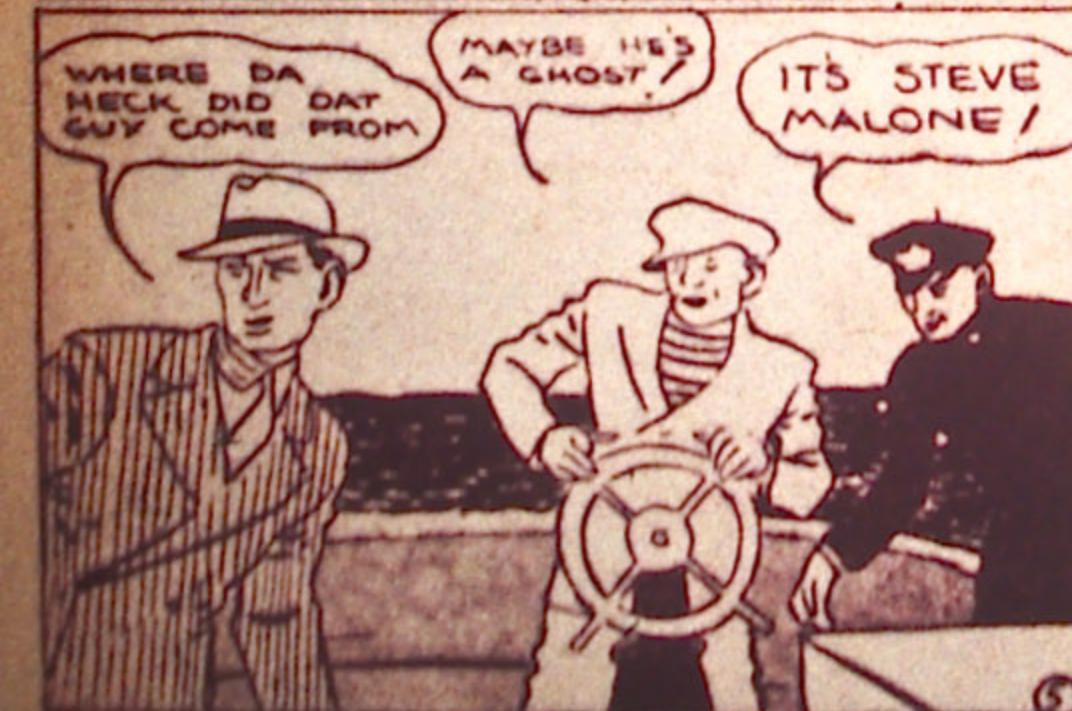
WELL TAKE A LOOK JUST TO KEEP YOU BOYS HONEST

GO AHEAD AND LOOK, COPPER, MAYBE YOU'LL FIND SOMETHING. MAYBE



YOU BOYS WIN AGAIN. BUT REMEMBER YOU CAN'T FOOL US FOR LONG

HOLD ON OFFICER!



WHERE DA HECK DID DAT GUY COME FROM

MAYBE HE'S A GHOST!

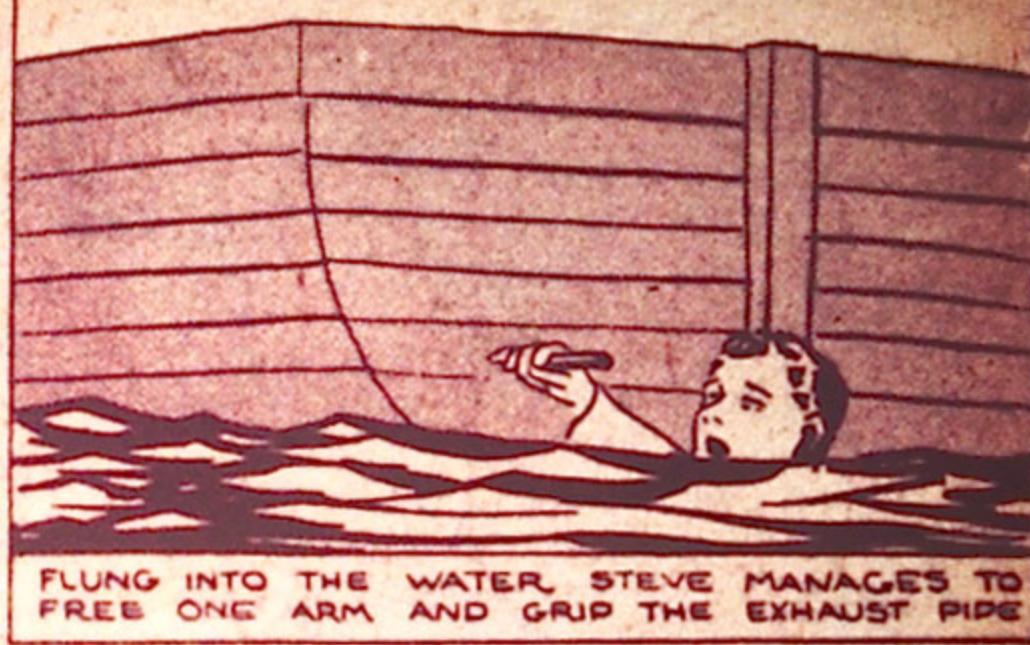
IT'S STEVE MALONE!



THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER. AND I ARREST THESE MEN ON THE CHARGES OF ATTEMPT TO KILL AND SMUGGLING OPIUM.



ALRIGHT, MALONE. YOU HAD YOUR FUN. NOW
WE HAVE OURS SLUG 'EM MEN AND TIE
EM UP... DEN
DROP 'EM OVERBOARD



FLUNG INTO THE WATER, STEVE MANAGES TO
FREE ONE ARM AND GRIP THE EXHAUST PIPE



THE SMUGGLERS ARE UNAWARE
THAT STEVE HAS PLUGGED
HIS HANDKERCHIEF INTO THE
EXHAUST PIPE, STOPPING
THE MOTOR.



SILENTLY MALONE CLIMBS UP
OVER THE BACK OF THE BOAT



FREED OF HIS BONDS STEVE
TAKES THE SMUGGLERS BY
SURPRISE

THROW THE ARTILLERY OVER THE SIDE,
BOYS. ONE OF YOU TAKE THAT HANDKERCHIEF
OUT OF THE EXHAUST. WE'RE GOING
FOR A LITTLE RETURN TRIP.



IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'LL
HAVE TO BUILD ANOTHER
JUG, IF MALONE KEEPS
SENDING YOU MUGS UP
AT THIS RATE

JEANNE VUS TALLING ME DAT
I INTURPUTED YOUR VACATION
STEVE

YOU CAN TAKE A VACATION ANY TIME, JIM.
BUT YOU DON'T ALWAYS HAVE AN
OPPURUNITY TO SAVE A FRIEND'S LIFE



THE END

JEROME
SIEGEL
AND JOE
SHUSTER.

SLAM BRADLEY

WITHIN HIS PENTHOUSE SUITE THOUSANDS OF FEET ABOVE THE CITY'S THRONGING CLAMOROUS TRAFFIC, SLAM BRADLEY, ADVENTUROUS DETECTIVE, IS ENGAGED IN A MOST PECULIAR DIVERSION!

YIPPEE!—
SOME TOSSIN'!

SCA-REECH!

WHAT TH'-!

GOOD HEAVENS, SIR!
WERE YOU ATTEMPT-
ING TO MURDER ME?
I HAD NO IDEA YOU'D
SHOW UP AT THIS INSTANT!

SORRY IF I CLIPPED YOUR
MUSTACHE, PAL! — BUT Y'SEE,
WE'RE NOT
MIND READERS
Y'KNOW!

BUT YOU TELEPHONED THE
DESK FOR THE HOTEL
MANAGER -- WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF TOSSING KNIVES
ABOUT AS THO' YOU WERE
A JUGGLER?

YOU SEE THAT MAP
ON THE DOOR? ---
WELL, WHEREVER
THE BLADE LANDED -

--- THAT'S
WHERE WE'RE
HEADING' FOR!

YOU'RE LEAVING! — BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE WELL
SATISFIED WITH OUR ROYALTY PENTHOUSE SUITE!



TH' SUITE'S O.K. - BUT WE'VE RUN THRU
OUR LAST \$10,000 IN THE LAST WEEK.
NOW WE'VE GOT TO STEP OUT AN' GET
US A NEW PILE.

BESIDES, WE'RE
ACHIN' FER
ACTION!

WELL, SO LONG! WE'LL BE SEEIN'
YA --- WHEN AND IF WE DIG
UP ABOUT \$6,000.

BUT - BUT WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?



ACCORDIN' TO WHERE TH' KNIFE
LANDED, OUR NEXT STOP IS ---
EGYPT -- Y'CAN EXPECT A POSTCARD
FROM US ---

-- IF WE CAN
AFFORD IT!

ADVENTURE! - ROMANCE! -
HERE WE COME!



GOSH! I CERTAINLY HATE TO LEAVE
THE U.S.A. -- IT'S TH BEST COUNTRY
IN ALL THE WORLD!

CHEER UP, PAL!
WE'LL BE BACK!

THE STEAMER WENDS ITS WAY FAR OUT TO SEA, BRINGING
SLAM AND SHORTY CLOSER AND CLOSER TO A
THRILLING ADVENTURE.



A WEEK LATER --

ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS AND
WE'LL BE IN THE MYSTERIOUS
ORIENT!

OH-H... MY HEAD! I'M SO
SEASICK, BY THAT TIME I'LL
PROBABLY BE A CORPSE



AN ETERNITY AFTERWARDS --

LOOK' -
LAND'

HOORAY! - BOY, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE
HONEST-TO-GOODNESS SOIL THAT I
WON'T TAKE A BATH FOR A WEEK!



LATER

CAIRO, EGYPT! -- IT'S BEEN YEARS YEAH! -- AN' THE PLACE STILL SINCE WE LAST STOPPED OFF HERE! SMELLS JUST AS BAD!



SLAM BRADLEY! -- QUICKLY, THE MASTER MUST BE INFORMED AT ONCE THAT HIS OLD ENEMY HAS RETURNED!

I GO!



THE ARAB MESSENGER RUNS AT FULL TILT THRU THE STREETS -- EVIDENTLY THE INFORMATION HE BEARS IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE!



TEN MINUTES LATER --

IT WAS SLAM BRADLEY -- THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT'

KILL HIM! DESTROY HIM! HE MUST NOT LIVE TO REACH THE ENGLISH EMBASSY!



PS-ST, SLAM! I THINK WE'RE BEIN' FOLLOWED!

YEAH? -- BOY WE JUST NATURALLY ATTRACT TROUBLE, I GUESS!



AS THEY PASS THRU THE NARROW, DARK ALLEY, THEY ARE ABRUPTLY ATTACKED BY THE TWO TRAILING THUGS --

AH -- A WELCOMING COMMITTEE! I'D HAVE APPRECIATED A BRASS BAND, BUT THIS IS BETTER THAN NOTHING AT ALL!

OH-OH! -- THEY'RE CARRYING KNIVES!



GEE, BUT THIS BRINGS BACK SENTIMENTAL MEMORIES!

HO! HO! HOW'D Y' LIKE THAT?



LOOK OUT, SLAM!



ABRUPTLY ANOTHER ARAB APPEARS ON THE SCENE, AND EFFECTIVELY ATTENDS TO SLAM'S COWARDLY ATTACKER, WITH A STRANGLING-CORD.



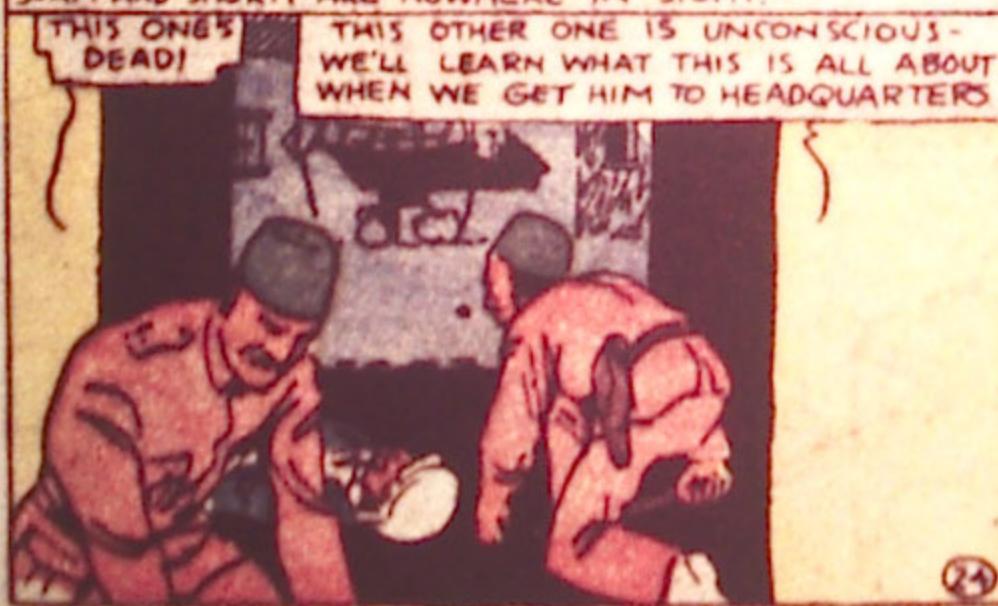
THANKS FOR THE WELL-TIMED ASSISTANCE! - BUT HOW COME YOU DID IT?

NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS - POLICE COME - FOLLOW PLEASE!

WE'D BETTER DO WHAT HE SAYS - SLAM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER WHEN THE POLICE ENTER THE ALLEY, SLAM AND SHORTY ARE NOWHERE IN SIGHT!



THE CAPTIVE ARAB SWIFLY SWALLOWS A SMALL PELLET - A MOMENT LATER HE SHRIEKS AND FOAMS AT THE MOUTH IN AGONY...



IN A NEARBY DOORWAY



WHERE DO YOU THINK HE'S LEADING US? - INTO A TRAP?

I'VE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA!



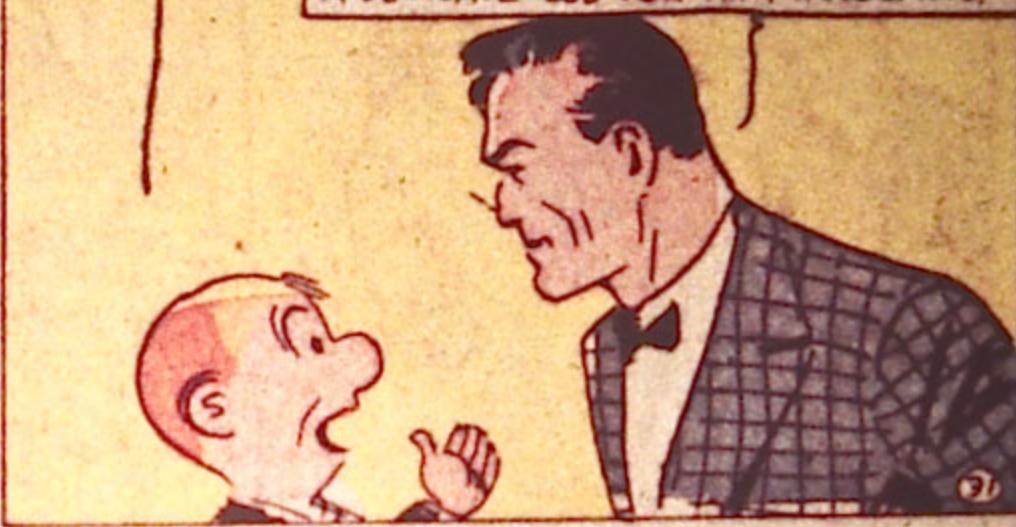
LORD ATHERTON! - I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WAS YOU WHO SUPPLIED THE GUARDIAN ANGEL!

AS SOON AS I HEARD YOU'D LANDED I SENT KATHOS TO GUARD YOU - IT'S LUCKY I DID EH, OLD MAN?



WHOA' WHAT GOES ON HERE? - WHO IS THIS GUY, SLAM?

WHO IS HE? JUST THE SQAUREST SHOOTIN' GUY I EVER PULLED A FIVE GRAND JOB FOR! THE LORD AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS SHORTY! I'VE PULLED OFF MANY A DELICATE JOB FOR HIM INCOGNITO!



IN THAT CASE I'M PLEASED TO MEETCHA! THE PLEASURE'S ANY FRIEND OF SLAM'S IS AUTOMATICALLY MY PAL!

SOMETHING BIG'S DOIN' -- I CAN SENSE THAT ALL RIGHT! BUT I SEEM TO BE GETTIN' DENSE. SO TELL ME, - SLOWLY, OF COURSE, JUST WHAT IS IN THE WIND?

IT'S YOUR OLD FOE: SETH



THAT SLIMY RAT! I THOUGHT I ATTENDED TO HIM PERMANENTLY ON MY LAST TRIP HERE!

SINCE YOU KICKED HIM OUT OF THE DRUG RACKET HE'S TURNED TO A WORSE TRADE: SLAVE-TRAFFICKING!



WE'VE TRIED TO STAMP OUT HIS FOUL ACTIVITIES, BUT HE'S AS ELUSIVE AS AN EEL -- WHY WE KNOW HE'S RIGHT HERE IN CAIRO, BUT CAN'T LOCATE HIM - WILL YOU GIVE THE OLD SATAN THE WORKS -- FOR A CONSIDERATION, OF COURSE?

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, SPOOKY! - BUT BE CAREFUL! - ALL OTHERS ASSIGNED TO THIS TO TAKE A SICK AT THAT CASE HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED!

YEAH, BUT THEY WEREN'T SLAM BRADLEY!



WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

NONE AT ALL. I'LL LET SETH DO ALL THE PLANNING - IF I KNOW THAT LIZARD - AND I DO - HE'LL PROBABLY HAVE ME PICKED UP FOR HIS PERSONAL INSPECTION.



WELL, TA-TA, LORD ATHERTON! NEXT TIME I SEE YOU, IT'LL BE WITH THE NEWS THAT THE SLAVE RING IS BROKEN!

I SINCERELY HOPE SO!



(35)

YOU TRAIL BEHIND ME. IF YOU SEE ANYTHING HAPPEN TO ME FOLLOW THE TRAIL -

LEAVE IT TO ME! I'LL STICK SO CLOSE, I'LL BE AHEAD OF YOU!



SLAM WALKS JAUNTYLY ALONG THE STREET.. TEMPTING FATE -- ANY SECOND, SUDDEN DEATH MAY FALL UPON HIM



(36)

THAT'S HIM EMERGING FROM THE EMBASSY!

IT'S A PITY ONE SO HAND-SOME AS HE MUST DIE!



AS A CARRIAGE RATTLES ALONGSIDE SLAM, A POCKETBOOK DROPS FROM IT TO HIS FEET

THE BAIT! - WELL, FAR BE IT THAT I SHOULD DISAPPOINT SETH AND REFUSE TO BITE!



(37)

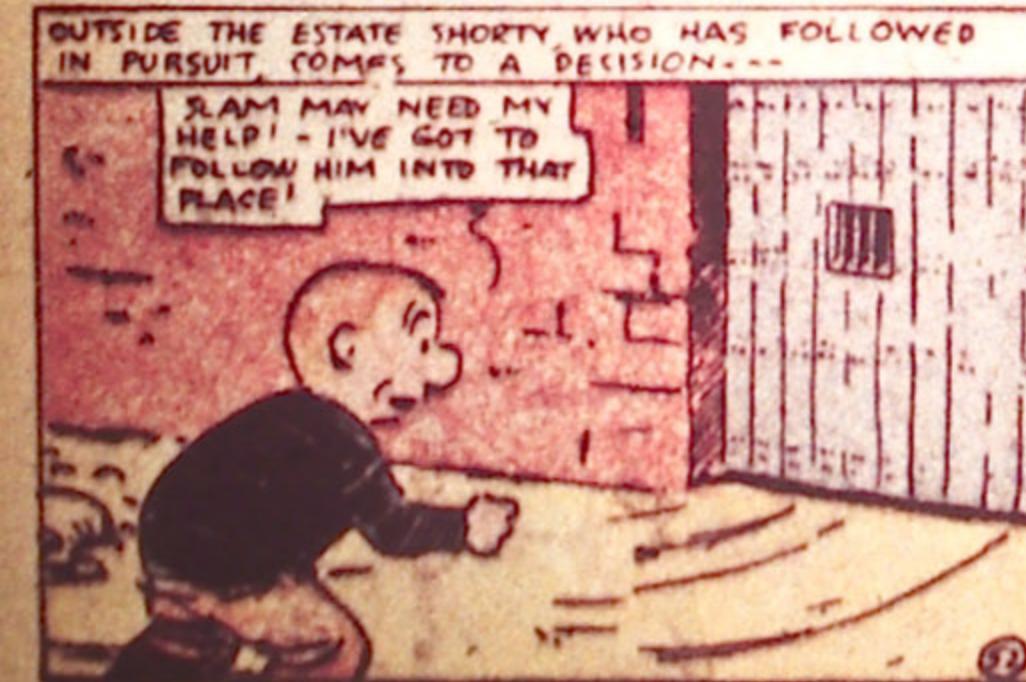
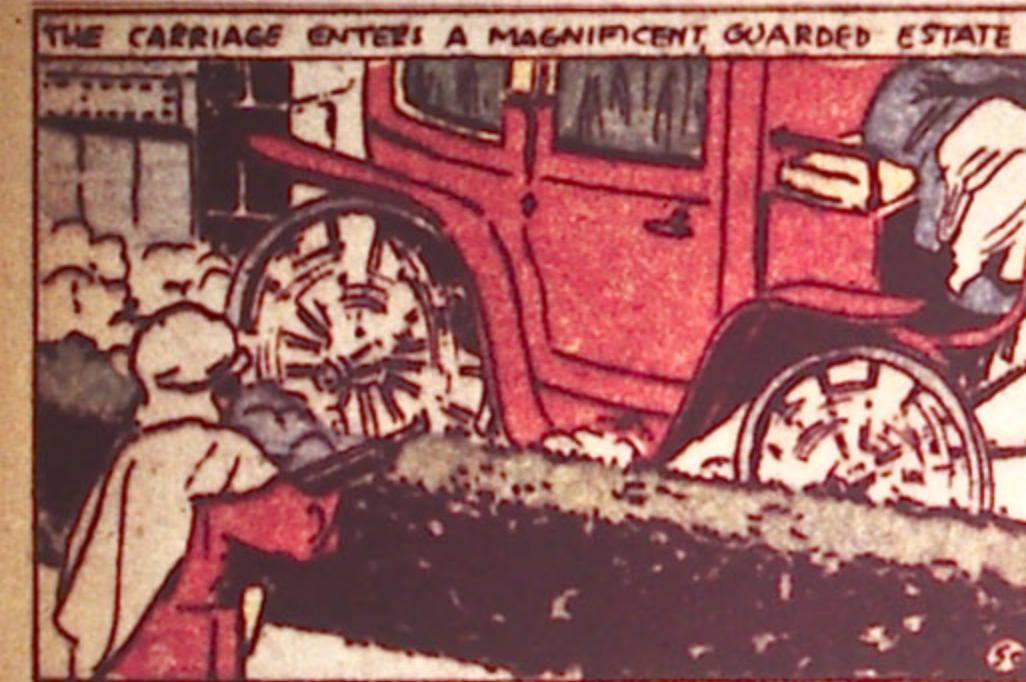
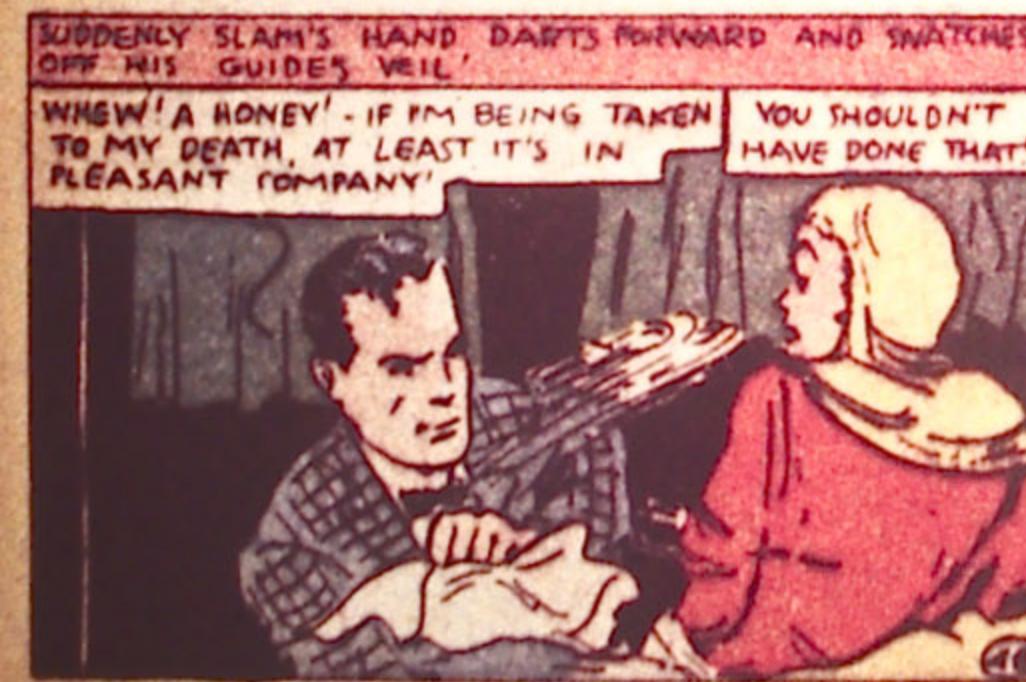
PARDON -- BUT YOU DROPPED YOUR -

GET IN, SLAM BRADLEY! AND NO TRICKS!



KIDNAPPED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! - WOW! I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT, IF I HADN'T SEEN IT!





ANOTHER MINUTE AND I'LL
BE SAFELY OVER AND IN!

BRADLEY'S ACCOMPLICE!...
SETH WILL BE PLEASED
TO SEE YOU!

DID I
SAY SAFE?



STUPID ONE! HASSAN SHALL RE-
DUCE YOU TO A MASS OF
QUIVERING, GROANING FLESH!

QUIT BRAGGIN', YOU BIG
BLUFF, AN' LET'S SEE
SOME ACTION!



BLUFF, EH?
I'LL----

WE CALL THIS
SIDE-STEPPING--



-- AND THIS, TRIPPING!



RISING, HASSAN BELLOWS WITH RAGE AND CHARGES,
BULL-LIKE, AT SLAM, HEAD LOWERED--

IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED, I KNOW A DENTIST WHO'LL
SUPPLY YOU WITH A NEW SET OF TEETH, CHEAP!



HASSAN SUCCEEDS IN SEIZING SLAM ABOUT THE WAIST--

I KILL!
I KILL!

I HEARD Y'
TH' FIRST TIME!



BRADLEY IS DOOMED!

NO MAN HAS EVER
SURVIVED THAT GRIP!



BUT WITH A QUICK TWIST, SLAM CAUSES HASSAN TO SOMER-
SAULT AGAINST THE WALL AND DROP UNCONSCIOUS

ALLBZ-OOP!



HE'S BESTED HASSAN! --
KILL HIM! SHOOT HIM DOWN!



ONLY A SWIFT TWIST TO ONE SIDE PREVENTS SLAM FROM GOING DOWN UNDER THE FIRST BULLET---



BEHIND SLAM A CURTAIN PARTS AND A HAND EMERGES CLUTCHING A GUN---



HERE'S A GUN!
TAKE IT!

THANKS!



QUITE A DIFFERENCE IF I'M ARMED TOO, EH?



YOU! - SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO HANDED ME THE GUN!

YES. - I - I COULDN'T BEAR SEEING YOU KILLED!



THERE GOES SETH THRU THAT DOORWAY! - FOLLOW ME!

PLEASE DON'T' THEY'LL SLAY YOU!



NO YOU DON'T!



FAR AHEAD, SETH RACES FOR DEAR LIFE - HE KNOWS THAT IF SLAM ONCE GETS HIS HANDS ON HIM, IT'LL BE JUST TOO BAD FOR HIM!



SLAM'S PURSUIT OF SETH CARRIES HIM PAST THE SHRIEKING
INMATES OF A HAREM



BUT AS SLAM CHARGES INTO THE ADJOINING CHAMBER--



IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT TO KNOCK
ME OUT! - HERE'S WHAT YOU SHOULD
HAVE DONE!

OO.OOF!



WHERE ARE YOUR RECORDS OF THE
SLAVE-TRAFFIC? TELL ME, OR YOU
STAY LIKE THIS INDEFINITELY!

I'M
STRANGLING!



TELL ME! - I
MEAN BUSINESS!

THE PAPERS ARE IN THE DRAWER OF
THAT DESK - NOW, LET ME GO!



SLAM EAGERLY RIFLES THE DRAWER---

SURE 'NOUGH! - A COMPLETE RECORD OF EVERY
CHIEFTAN, AND EXACT LOCATION OF EACH OF
YOUR FILTHY BANDS!

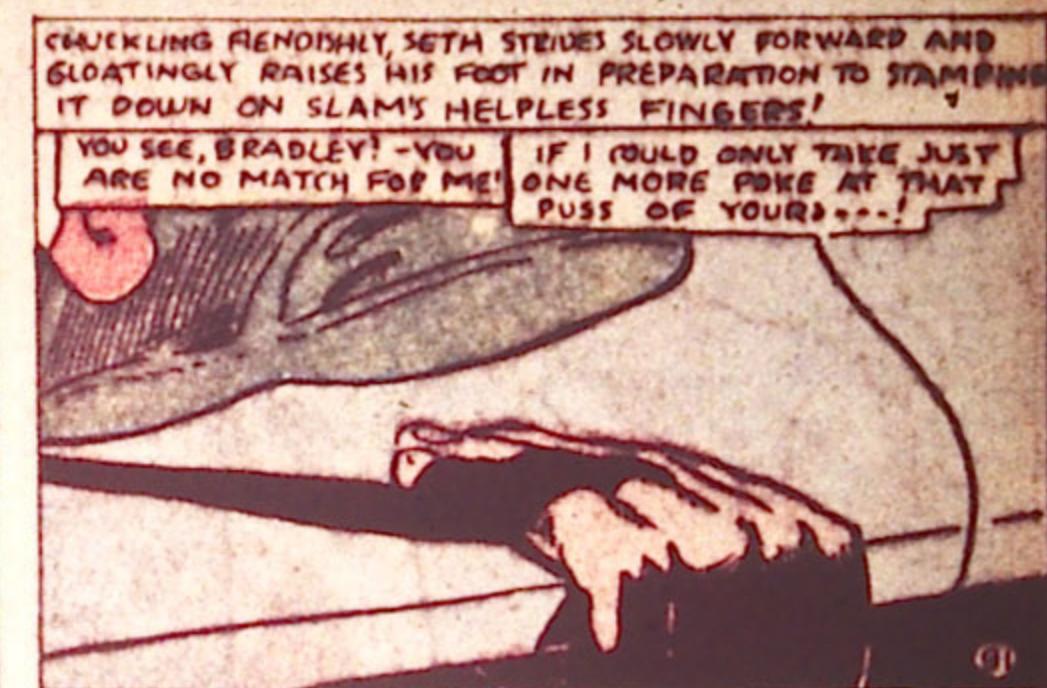
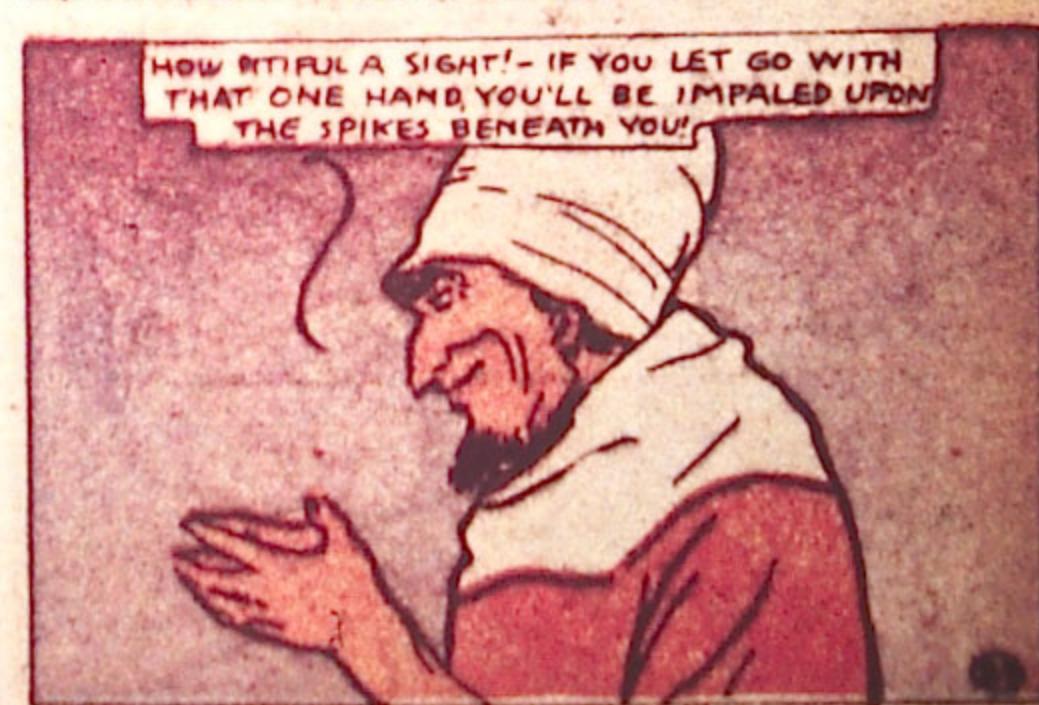


WHILE SLAM'S BACK IS TURNED A CRAFTY EXPRESSION
CREEPS OVER SETH'S FACE SLOWLY HIS HAND MOVES
BENEATH THE DESK'S EDGE...



-- AND PRESSES A CONCEALED BUTTON!





LOOK OUT!
THE TRAPDOOR!

HELP!-HELP!-
WE'RE FALLING!

I DON'T CARE! WE'LL DIE...
BUT HE MUST LIVE!

95

95

SLAM HAULS HIMSELF TO SAFETY---

THEY BOTH DIED!-AND IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR THAT POOR, BRAVE GIRL,
IT WOULD BE 1!

96

97

SLAM!-
ALIVE!

YES BUT IF WE WANT TO CONTINUE
TO BE THAT WAY WE'D BETTER
HURRY OUT OF HERE!

LATER--

HERE YOU ARE, LORD ATHERTON!-WITH
THIS INFORMATION YOU'LL BE ABLE
TO BREAK THE REMNANTS OF THE
SLAVE-RING!

YOU'VE DONE IT!-
I KNEW YOU
WOULD!

98

99

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS \$8,000 AS A
TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION!-
PLEASE DO, SLAM!-I INSIST!

YOU NEEDN'T INSIST!-
HE'LL TAKE IT!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER--

GOOD HEAVENS!-BACK
FROM EGYPT SO SOON,
MR. BRADLEY!

YEP AN' IF YOU DON'T J-J-TILL WE
MIND, WE'LL TAKE
OUR OLD SUITE AGAIN.
RUN OUT OF
MONEY AND
SOME NEW
ADVENTURE
TURNS UP!

100

THE END



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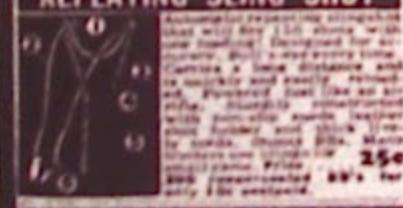
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